



THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1893.

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Some further Recollections of Father John Morris.

I.

IN the November number of THE MONTH I wrote down my impressions of Father Morris, and what seemed to me the most prominent features of his powerful and beautiful character. I do not propose to add anything further of my own, but merely to perform the pleasant task of editing and arranging a few details that have been supplied me by those who were brought into close contact with him, some of whom had an opportunity in many respects better perhaps than my own of studying him under various aspects. For Father Morris showed most clearly some of his most attractive and loveable traits when he acted as the guide and support of some one who, appreciating his strength, his wisdom, and his charity, clung to him with an entire dependence, and followed his counsels with an unquestioning and blind obedience which would have been out of place among his Religious brethren. To such, naturally, he opened out more than he did to those who were more on the same footing with himself, and showed a greater freedom, and a greater consciousness of his own power in dealing with them. For though his intimates loved and esteemed him with an affection and respect that grew continually as their knowledge of him increased, yet the mere force of his character had a certain tendency to bring into prominence those divergences of opinion and judgment that are sure to arise between men who are living and working together as members of the same community. It is necessarily a different phase of character that presents itself under the different circumstances into which the priest and religious is thrown at home and abroad. If his brethren at home can testify to the solidity of his virtue, and to his spirit of obedience, to his charity, to his forbearance with others, to his unfailing regularity in his religious duties, those outside can bear witness to his wonderful gift of consoling

the afflicted, appreciating the sufferings of those in trouble, and understanding the needs of the souls of those who came to him for advice or help, and providing the remedies necessary for them. The foundation of this power is well stated by one who had derived great benefit from his counsel.

What was so attractive about him was his absolute simplicity and unworldliness. He never seemed to know whether you were man or woman, young or old, rich or poor ; you were just a soul to him, and he could not do enough for you to help you through your particular temptations and trials. It was soul to soul with him, and this was to me at least the source of his tremendous power of helping. All earthliness, bitterness, and creature worship, was absolutely unknown to him. It was God only, and how to bring you nearer to Him !

This supernatural view of things which was habitual with him was so intimately bound up with his ordinary life that he seemed to regard the supernatural as something intensely natural, and the natural as nothing except in so far as it bore upon the supernatural. This is excellently brought out along with other interesting traits in the following letter :

For many years I only knew Father Morris through his sermons and retreats. On the rare occasions during those years when I had occasion to speak with him I cannot deny that he alarmed me considerably, and that I thought him a most formidable person. Perhaps this was because he possessed the gift of common sense in an almost aggressive degree, and those who had hitherto prided themselves on not being without that quality, on coming in contact with him, could not but feel what a very small share had fallen to them in comparison with the amount with which he was endowed. Common sense marked everything he did, the manner of his conversion, the thoroughness of his submission to the Church, and his way of dealing with difficulties. He has left on record that he was never troubled with a serious temptation against faith. The idea that the world could have made itself was such ridiculous folly, he could not imagine any one entertaining it. That God should have given a revelation but made no provision that we should not know it with infallible certainty, appeared to him contrary to reason. The objections of heretics had simply no *sense* in

them. When he insisted on the rights of Almighty God and the necessity of giving ourselves heart and soul to His service, on the folly of making for ourselves attachments in this world which must so soon come to an end, he made the simple common-senseness of all this so evident, that those who made any pretence to be guided by reason, felt there was no alternative but to be out and out thoroughly for God.

When I came to know Father Morris, what attracted me most was his natural way of talking of the supernatural. The charm of his simple sermons on the Sunday Gospels consisted in his great familiarity with our Lord's Life, which made him describe each scene as though he had taken part in it himself, so vividly did he portray it. He seemed to have heard our Lord delivering His sermon on the Mount, or talking with the doctors when a Child, to have seen Him working with St. Joseph, or performing His miracles, or spending His day teaching in the Temple, and to know how that Divine Teacher was thinking of us, all the time, with our peculiarities and surroundings of this nineteenth century, and the special lessons He was conveying to us. "There is *nothing* I should like so much as to write a Life of our Lord," Father Morris said, and he said it from his heart.

After Mass, he would often have something to say about some passage in it—something which had not struck him before. Well do I remember the tone in which he exclaimed one morning after his thanksgiving: "I wonder what our Lord *can* have in store for us that is to surpass the happiness of saying Mass!" His thoughts indeed were habitually in the other world, looking forward to the satisfaction of knowing the solution of the problems that perplexed him here, imagining how he would enjoy seeing places and people he had thought about, wondering which of the Apostles he should talk to first—St. John he was inclined to most, but there were so many things he would like to ask St. Peter.

All who knew him are aware of his talent for conversing on every variety of subject. Statesmen and financiers and men of the world found his conversation as interesting as did those who were more immediately in his own line, ecclesiastics and antiquarians and men of science and letters. Yet some have found even more to admire in the cleverness with which he would catechize the very young, and in the pleasure he took in well-written stories for children, such, for instance, as Mrs. Ewing's.

Father Morris eminently possessed the talent of making life interesting, in direct contrast with those who envelope all things in a mantle of dreary commonplaceness. In country scenes, in lanes and hedges and trees, he would always find much to interest him and suggest subjects for thought and speculation. For birds he had a particular predilection. Those will not require to be told his appreciation of the beauties of nature who heard him describe the sunrise on the 24th of September last, in his sermon that day—one of the last he preached in Wimbledon Church. Indeed, he enjoyed air and sunshine, the sighing of the wind in the tops of the fir-trees, the shadows lying on the grass, the songs of birds, as only those can enjoy who see God in all and look on each of such things as a token of His love. I used to think that his great enjoyment of small things was a sort of homage to God, to whom he referred them, taking each one in great gratitude as coming from a Father's hand.

Another of his friends, whose opportunities of knowing him were exceptionally good, writes as follows :

For some time before I really got to know and understand Father Morris, I had with other friends of his been copying Elizabethan manuscripts for him under his personal supervision, in a house where I was staying ; and, as we were gravely kept in order during our task, and treated with a decided shortness of manner which tended alike to forward work and to kill frivolity, my mature fellow-scribes candidly endorsed Father Faber's view that our good friend was very much of a Bashibazouk. "Not a bad description, certainly," was his own comment upon it long afterwards, "but it cannot be called flattering. When I was a young man, and after I was a young man, too, I was told many a time that I was just like an unripe apple. Later on, some nuns used to copy for me, and I heard that they called me 'Father Master,' but I suspect they all meant much the same thing."

Whatever these widely-different persons may have meant, they did not describe the man himself, but the awe or fear with which he unwittingly inspired them. Fear of Father Morris I myself never felt, nor could I in my early life understand it in others. Even at first sight it was abundantly evident that the stern exterior very thinly veiled a singularly warm

loving heart. Yet I was altogether unprepared for his extreme gentleness and kindness when I first had a private talk with him. Here indeed was a most tender Father, a strong, trusty guide and counsellor, a true staunch friend for life. It was like getting one's feet upon a rock, and being thenceforward led with an unfailing sense of happy security up the perilous mountain pathway.

A negative but a very telling proof of his strength was its absolute lack of obstinacy. Quite apart from all questions of religious obedience, never was there a man more ready to hear all that was to be said in defence of a course opposite to that which he had counselled, more prompt in accepting the reasons enumerated, and, when they seemed conclusive, in reversing his previous judgment; or more eager in forwarding the scheme to which he had at first been opposed.

Not the least noticeable feature of the same strength was his marked tenacity of purpose. It pervaded all he did, perhaps above all, his work for the Martyrs, and his dealings with his spiritual children. How far the advancement of the cause of the Martyrs owes its success to his unflagging zeal they have probably told him themselves already, and, we may hope, they will tell us some day. Most of us know that their recognition by the Church was one of the wishes nearest his heart. On May 3, 1887, he wrote: "It is grand having leave for the Mass of the Martyrs to-morrow, their future feast. Some of us may die before the 4th of May comes again, and it will be something to have said their Mass." In a different order of qualities his tenacity of purpose had its counterpart in the steadfastness of his friendship; and there was room for both when he was determined not to lose sight of souls whom he thought God had committed to his keeping. "I intend to take care of you all your life long: you must let me help you if you have any difficulties or troubles; and if I can help you with your studies you know how glad I shall be to do so." Studies were the royal road to the heart of the young student to whom these words were written, and though in the ignorance of youth help of a higher kind was not as readily accepted, Father Morris very soon made the literary friendship lead to intimate spiritual relations with his young friend. "I have got a good strong wrist," he would afterwards say to the same person, "and I am not going to let you shake me off, so you had better not try." About the last thing that could have been contemplated.

Even to some of those who knew him it may come as a surprise to hear that in Father Morris there was a vein of ready playfulness and a fund of quiet fun. The very simplest thing called forth their expression, and the glee with which he would repeat over and over again, often with a rippling chuckle and sometimes with an attempt at mimicry, anything that happened to amuse him was literally childlike. Often and often the strong features relaxed, and the grave self-restraint of manner melted into brightest merriment; and many a time in literary discussion, in friendly chat, or in giving counsel, his words and bearing were marked throughout by playfulness as genuine as it was gentle. He did not often indulge in raillery or banter, and only where he was on terms of great intimacy. On such occasions he would remark: "How nice it is to be able to speak out without fear of wounding or of being misunderstood."

Casual onlookers would probably never have said of Father Morris that he was naturally a shy man. Yet it was actually the case: he was a shy man who had completely conquered his shyness, and he not unfrequently referred to the suffering this had caused him at different periods of his life. It may even be that shyness was in his earlier days a partial cause of the exterior sternness which he himself so much lamented, and which so completely belied his loving gentleness.

His generous appreciation of his friends is well known; equally well known should be his whole-hearted recognition of what was done for them by others. There was not a single scrap of jealousy in his composition. To one whom he had piloted through many perils he wrote: "I could have no greater consolation than to know that you have found a friend in —. I well know all the qualities of intellect and heart your quick intelligence has recognized. No one could suit you better."

From another source I have received the following, and it derives a greater value from the fact of the writer being one whom Father Morris held in high esteem.

Father Morris was an accomplished master of that most difficult art, the art of reproofing. His moral courage and marvellous tact made him never shrink from the task. Those who had the privilege of receiving these reproofs from time to time must all agree that if his arrows rarely missed their aim,

they were never tipped with poison. For the sick and suffering he kept his gentlest words, his most fatherly smiles. There was nothing within his power which he would not do for them. He had the power of adapting himself exactly to each one. He took the measure of each, and seemed to take in, at a glance, the height to which each one could rise. Equally great was his power of sympathy, and his gift of consolation. *Consolator optimus*, one of his penitents was wont to style him, and the term seems scarcely an exaggeration.

He never attempted to comfort the afflicted by making little of the trials which oppressed them. His warm and tender heart enabled him to feel *with*, as well as *for*, the griefs which were confided to him. Moreover, he fully understood how much more trying are *states* of trial than passing trials, however severe, as for instance, how much more difficult it is to bear many years of ill-health and pain, than a short, sharp attack of sickness. His sympathy was so discerning, so intelligent, if we may use the word, he entered into every sorrow as if he had experienced it himself. A lady who from easy circumstances had been reduced to great poverty, was telling him of the many trials her changed state of life brought with it, especially the contempt of some who had formerly been her friends, but now refused to recognize her. "My dear child," Father Morris answered, "I feel for you more than I can say, and I do not wonder that you find it no easy task to conform your will to the will of God. If I give you a little prescription," he added with a smile, "will you promise to take it three times a day till I come again?" Assent being readily given, Father Morris said, "I want you to kiss the feet of your large crucifix three times a day: before you leave your room in the morning, at mid-day, and again at night. Each time you kiss it say, 'Lord Jesus, make me willing to be poor.'" On Father Morris' next visit, he inquired whether his injunctions had been complied with. He was told that they had been obeyed to the letter, and that much bitterness of feeling had disappeared, but that the perfect conformity to the will of God, so greatly desired, had not yet been fully attained. "I will add something to your prayer," he said; "in future when you kiss your crucifix as I bade you, say, 'Lord Jesus, make me willing to be poor *for love of Thee*.'" He then discoursed in pathetic yet heart-stirring terms, of the poverty of our Lord and of the contempt it brought upon Him. He enlarged upon the great

merit those would acquire who bore such a state during their life on earth for love of Him, and the great reward they would attain in Heaven, with so much feeling and unction, that his hearer could only regret that his words should fall upon one ear alone.

Another feature in Father Morris' character was his great carefulness in little things. His handwriting was always legible, and not only legible, but elegant and graceful. However quickly his notes were written, they never failed to contain something wise, kind, or consoling. They showed at the same time that he put himself into the frame of mind of his correspondents as far as he could, and looked at everything from their point of view as well as his own.

It has been said, and we think with great truth, that there was a striking resemblance between the characters of Father Morris and of St. Francis Borgia. There was the same appearance of severity, joined to an intense gentleness and tenderness of heart; the same complete unworldliness; the same profound humility; the same resolute will. Father Morris' devotion to the Saint was very great, as is often the case where there is a similarity of natural character and, therefore, community of tastes and desires. It was at his suggestion that an English Life of the Saint was undertaken some two or three years since, and he was engaged in correcting the proofs of it during the last few days he spent on earth.

I cannot attempt, in what I am putting together, to give any examples of his meditations or exhortations. I hope that at a later date the Notes of Retreats, Lights in Prayer, &c., which have been preserved, may be published for our benefit. But the following instance of his ingenious power of drawing out of things material practical lessons for a retreat, is so characteristic, that I think it will be interesting to the readers of THE MONTH. It was from notes written down by one who was present at a retreat that he gave, out of England:

As I came over, he said, in the steamer yesterday, I stood for a long time watching the engines, and I thought that we could learn some practical lessons from them.

(1) Each part of the machinery of these huge engines did its work, and did it well. Each did *its own* work: it was put

there to do it, and did it—a perfect image of what we ought to be, whether in a religious community, or in the world. We ought to do the work for which we were made, and which we were placed in our present position to do, and we ought to do it well.

(2) A dial told whether the steamer was going “full speed,” “half speed,” or “stop.” Our indicators are our examinations of conscience, confessions, conversations with our Superiors, &c. Do those tell the honest truth, and what do they tell? The engines did their best, and the ship went at full speed. Are we doing our best, and hastening to enter into our eternal reward?

(3) A speck of dust was almost enough to leave its mark on the bright shining steel of the engines; a very small thing would cause resistance in the working of them, and spoil the smoothness and regularity of their revolution. So too a very little thing, a small infidelity to grace, a wrong way of looking at things, is enough to spoil the working of our spiritual machinery. When it is out of proper working order, we have to see what has got wrong, for there is no effect without a cause.

(4) The oil makes all the various parts of that huge complicated machinery work smoothly, softly, gently. The oil in our life must be the spirit of love. God loves me, and has placed me where I am, and is looking down upon me, is always ready to help me. Without the spirit of love, nothing will go smoothly. There are souls that reject the spirit of love, to them God is hard, and everything is hard.

I will conclude with an extract from a letter, which is a signal instance of his practical common sense, and an anecdote that he told of himself, and that shows how his common sense availed him in overcoming the difficulties and misunderstandings of daily life.

I have often (he writes) heard the advice given to young preachers to look on their audiences as so many cabbages. Naturally that is from one point of view only—it means that they are not to be afraid of them. They may have the kindest and heartiest feelings about them all the time. Now you are bothered because some people seem to have so little feeling, and to be so light and frivolous, &c. Can you not look at them

as so many cabbages? I mean them no disrespect. Why should you be a bit more vexed at the way people take things than you would be at the way in which cabbages grow in the garden? The one or the other may not be in accordance with your taste, but what right have we to exact that all people should be trimmed to our taste? Such Procrustean ideas are very tyrannical. Change them. Mind, as I said, looking on people as cabbages from one point of view, will not prevent any amount of kind feeling from another. Take their eccentricities as a fact, just as you would a crooked line in drawing, or a false note in music, or a blunder or mistake of any kind, without the least disdain or sense of superiority.

When I was Cardinal Wiseman's secretary (he once said to me), I used often to notice that he seemed to be "huffed" with me from time to time. Sometimes I could make a shrewd guess at the cause of offence, and sometimes I was utterly puzzled as to what it could be. At first when I found him in this humour, I used to keep away from him, but I learned by experience that this made matters worse. So I made up my mind to pursue a different policy. Whenever I thought he was offended with me, I used to make a point of going to his room on some pretext or other, and talking to him on some general topic, altogether apart from the supposed subject of offence, and from any question that might prove a delicate one. Very often I would get up some incident from the newspaper, and retail it to him; sometimes I even descended to the weather. It did not matter much what the subject of conversation was. I always found that the result was that our friendly relations that had been slightly interrupted, were at once renewed, and he seemed to be as much relieved as I was. I have often tried the same plan since with others, and I have always found it successful.

Those who lived in daily intercourse with Father Morris will recognize the fruits of this victory over his natural shyness and reserve, and how he had acquired the difficult art of showing the greatest friendliness even to those who were not of congenial tempers with his own.

R. F. C.

II.

It would not surprise me to find that many, even of Father Morris' most intimate friends, began, as I did, with rather dreading him. Our first acquaintance was fourteen years ago, when he came to Manresa as Vice-Rector, while Father Porter was away in Rome. His chief attention was given to his novices, mine to my books, so I did not soon get to know him intimately. I noted his colourless complexion, his quick eye and incisive tongue, and I jumped to the conclusion that he was strict, sharp, and pitiless. As time went on, his accuracy, his eloquence, and high aims came more clearly before me, but these did not make me alter my previous judgment. The first revelation of his accurate attention to all that passed before him is an incident, certainly trivial in itself, but as it impressed me a great deal, I will set it down here.

According to the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus, those occupied in study are to give frequent scholastic exhibitions, to show their progress in the various branches of learning to which they may be devoting themselves. At one of these exhibitions, one of the students had to demonstrate the accuracy of some formula for logarithms. This proved a somewhat long and tedious business for the onlookers, who saw the black-board covered once and again with algebraic signs, and yet no end seemed nigh. Professors and all seemed to have long lost interest in the proceedings, when I heard Father Morris' sharp voice break in: "Reverse fractions and divide;" and turning to the Professor who presided: "Am I not right, Father?" The Father Professor was napping, at least metaphorically, and it took him time to answer, which brought Father Morris' quickness into higher relief.

Another incident, equally trivial in itself, revealed to me the force of another feature in Father Morris' character. I was in trouble. My gravamen, I confess, does not seem very great to me at this distance of time, but then, I remember, it loomed large and black, and for the moment I saw no other way out of the difficulty except that of reducing all communications with the person offending to the smallest proportions I legitimately could. For this I had to obtain Father Morris' sanction, he being then Superior of the whole house. The permission was instantly granted. "But of course you won't act upon it," he added with a sudden stir of spirit. "Conquer yourself!

Go at once to Father — and have the trouble out and over." I was aghast, such a way of cutting the Gordian knot had not occurred to me, but his inspiration was catching, and with a wrench and a screw I did as he advised with the happiest results. The instantaneousness with which he suggested the higher and better course, and the wonderful vigour and incisiveness with which he urged it, made a great impression on me at the time. I had never seen its like, perhaps I never shall.

But of course all this did not thaw my dread; that gave way to his genuine familiarity in conversation. Between a man of fifty and young men of twenty true familiarity is not common. But he would come out and talk, not condescendingly, but absolutely naturally. He threw himself entirely into any subject that might be started, and presumed that you were as heartily interested and unembarrassed as he was. This was a remarkably strong point of his, and compensated for a certain want of external *bonhomie*, which is so useful in making the overtures of acquaintance run smoothly.

I have already said that at first I thought he would be overstrict in interpreting the force of law, that he would incline to severe views in moral theology, and strain the binding force of Constitutions, Rules, and customs. Now I can only add that I cannot recall where this notion came from, and that it has vanished so completely with prolonged acquaintance, that I have now only my memory to fall back on to assure me that it ever existed. One thing I remember which perhaps had something to do with its disappearance, and that was going with him, after several hours spent in exploring an old church, to the village inn, and there regaling ourselves on bread and cheese and beer. I had not been a cleric long in those days, and my ideas of propriety had still to be adjusted to the circumstances.

Having thus indicated, in Boswellian fashion, the way in which I became acquainted with Father Morris' character, let me now try to set forth what sort of a man I found him. Intellectually, his chief characteristic was a remarkable grasp of detail combined with rapidity and accuracy of judgment. Of his precision and scholarly accuracy a thousand proofs might be cited. He was highly respected as an antiquarian, herald, genealogist, and rubrician, and took the greatest interest in statistics, calendars, chronology, derivations, architecture, moral theology, and canon law. This may seem

rather a jumble of interests, but it was just his character to take up these subjects one by one, as if there was nothing else to care for. Even when engaged on subjects of a more general nature, such as history, he is found to be constantly amassing names, dates, quotations, and references. This indeed he often carried almost to a fault, the interest, for instance, in his *Life of St. Thomas*, and other works, being rather scattered by the multiplicity of the details introduced. On the other hand, this same delight in detail made him an ideal guide to an historical building or a museum. To be shown by him round Canterbury Cathedral, or Westminster Abbey, or the Tower of London, or to see him take out the Stonyhurst relics and recount each of their histories, was an event to be remembered.

This accuracy of mind was greatly assisted by his retentive memory and orderly habits of taking notes. The latter have this rare quality, that they are as readable and intelligible to any one else as they would have been to himself. I do not mean that any one could reconstruct the sermon or exhortation which he preached from the headings he had prepared for it. For that his spirit would be as necessary as his information. But given his roughest pencil notes, such as he might make while reading in his chair, it is always possible, first to read them easily, then to understand what they mean easily, and often to understand fairly a good deal of the subject summarized. Those who know what gibberish rough notes generally appear to all except the writers of them (and often to them ere many days are past), will appreciate the value of this praise.

It was owing again to these habits of precision that he could give you an immediate answer to any question connected with the various subjects with which he was conversant. For this he was so well known, that he would constantly receive letters for advice from all parts of the country. His questioners were of every class, and they required information of every description. In almost every case he would answer by return of post, but if the difficulty were intricate, he would consult authorities, and then give a careful decision. He had also a rare readiness in the use of his own language. I have heard one who had been a novice under him and had heard him speak on every sort of occasion, say that "Father Morris seemed to be able to go on hitting the nail on the head longer

than any one else he could remember." I have heard this judgment confirmed from more than one quarter.

Speaking of his intellectual gifts, I must not omit their limitations, which were those generally found in persons of his character. He had no appreciation for music, or to put the matter as I have heard him do, he expected to get a great deal of pleasure from music in the next life, because he had had none of it in this. Again, he had little or no poetry in him, though he loved neatness in verse and rhyme, and once told me that as a boy he had found hexameters "easy shackles to dance in." He was no mean judge of Gothic architecture, but made no pretence to pronounce on other art subjects, and avoided discussion on the speculative sciences, being wisely content to excel in those branches of positive knowledge for which nature had so well adapted him.

Noble however as his intellectual gifts were, the affectionate side of his character must certainly be accounted nobler still. He had a truly great heart and a strong. If he was quick in deciding, he was equally energetic in speaking and acting, and his sympathy, even his enthusiasm, were soon aroused. This was of course best seen in his sermons, and the like, where it was his object to enkindle similar feelings in others. Though he was too good an artist to betray his feelings immediately, you would not generally have to listen long before perceiving how deeply moved he was. Voice and manner, sometimes even tears, showed this unmistakeably, and he rarely failed to carry his hearers to higher and better thoughts than they had previously imagined themselves capable of conceiving.

He was most generous, and though as a Religious his opportunities of giving were small, the spontaneity and pleasure with which he made his gift were apparent, while his time and attention were lavishly bestowed for the asking. In his *Letters of Father Henry Walpole*, Dr. Jessopp wrote: "Father Morris, the learned editor of *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, and of Father Gerard's Autobiography and account of the Gunpowder Plot, has again and again come to my assistance. In the midst of studies which, one would have thought, might well have excused him from turning aside to hunt up references and the like for a stranger, he has never once failed me, and I have rarely applied to him for information without receiving more than I had hoped to gain."¹ Similar acknowledgments could easily be multiplied.

¹ *Intro.* p. vi.

The warmth of his affection was more than ordinary, and surprised you at first, because he seemed exteriorly rather distant and forbidding. I give another of my remembrances which, small as it is, I shall not easily forget. I had been out of sorts for some days, and one morning I told him I feared that the sensations I experienced might be the symptoms of some internal disease. A look of sympathetic pain shot across his face, which I shall never forget. "My poor fellow, I hope not," he said in a tone that almost frightened me by its earnestness. My alarm turned out to be quite groundless, nothing but indigestion from fish fare during Lent. No sooner had the doctor passed this verdict, than down went Father Morris to the kitchen, and arranged (rather to my dismay) for meat to be sent up for me every day in Holy Week except Good Friday.

Here is another experience of his impetuosity in good. He and I were looking over an old church in Kent, and as we left, our guide, the verger, lifted a mat in the passage, and pointed out an old altar stone, with its five consecration crosses, placed there by the Reformers in order to be trodden under foot by all comers. "When I showed this to Dr. Pusey," said the verger, "he went down on his knees and kissed it." In a moment Father Morris had fallen on his knees and kissed it too. "Now you may say that some one else has kissed it," he said to the wondering rustic. I must add, though the conclusion is rather unpoetic, that as Father Morris rose, his nose bore a large black smudge where it had touched the dirty stone, but there was a look on his face of such genuine and concentrated earnestness, that no thought of hilarity occurred to me.

Again, another incident of the same nature. Last spring he paid a visit to Audenarde, some account of which he published in *THE MONTH* for April. While driving through the town, he stopped before M. l'Abbé's door to ask some question about the Curé. "He has just finished saying Mass," was the answer; "see, there he comes," as the young man turned the corner and came down the street towards them. In a trice Father Morris had opened the carriage door, and running up went on his knees in the middle of the street for the priest's blessing. The onlookers were delighted. He had acted up to their customs with a promptitude they were strangers to. "We were all charmed," wrote one of them,

"except the poor young Curé, who, to tell the truth, seemed rather embarrassed."

As may easily be imagined, a nature so impulsive was also liable to outbreaks of passionate anger. I only remember witnessing one, which thus befell. We were discussing the Darwinian theory, which I, having just concluded my course of scholastic philosophy, rejected rather scornfully on *a priori* grounds. Father Morris maintained that we ought to rely chiefly on the positive condemnation by the Pope of some of its chief tenets. I suppose I must have been more than usually contradictory, for on my invoking some ordinance or other of our Father General, which implied a prohibition to teach even the probability of such a doctrine, he fairly lost his temper. His voice trembled with overcharged feeling, but he only said, "Don't put me down with a high hand." Then he got up, went to his washhand-stand, washed his hands, and returned with perfect composure to start a new subject.

At the time, I thought that this was only a result of his then recent nervous breakdown from overwork when Rector at Manresa. In my constant intercourse with him, I found him so uniformly self-contained, that I came to conceive this calmness as part of his nature, and was quite surprised to hear Father Purbrick in his funeral sermon say that "the surface of his soul was occasionally swept by sudden and violent storms of anger." Yet on reflection I felt that the words must be strictly true, if not of his later years, certainly of his life considered as a whole. In fact, Father Morris has written of himself that he was subject to outbreaks of passion "which at distant intervals have carried all before them." During the course of my acquaintance with him, I repeat, the manifestations of this passion had been almost entirely mastered, but the presence of its dormant energy was still perceptible.

In truth it was the power, often extraordinary, but sometimes unbalanced, given to his ready tongue and well-trained mind by this great dynamic force that was the secret both of his successes, and of his want of success, such as it was. Let us deal with the latter first. It will easily be imagined that a mind so sharp as his would be inclined to criticize, and in his younger days he doubtless often gave offence by the crude quickness of his comments. Moreover, even when he had reached a maturer age, he never made a really ideal ruler. For though possessing many of the necessary qualities, he was not

sufficiently versatile to adapt himself readily to those who differed much from himself in condition and character, and he had not always the perfect self-control to give a series of orders or corrections to persons of various ages and different degrees of docility, without being carried away by his feelings, and casting black looks, not on the original offender only, but also on the succeeding innocents.

Here is his own candid confession of his weakness. In some notes made in 1882, he writes :

Of St. Ignatius it is said that the instant after a very severe reprimand, he was completely himself, speaking to the next person quite calmly. With me it is rather like turning from a deaf person to whom I have been speaking loud, and shouting to a person who is not deaf.

From similar notes for the year 1883, I may make the following extract on the same subject.

At Bruges I was surprised that each time I was asked to help some one, the request was accompanied with : "Please be kind to her." A lady who came to consult me when I was at Tronchiennes last year, told me that she went away *avec le cœur serré*. That cannot be right. Our Lord would not have sent her away so. Is it pride on my part, or slothfulness, or what? I say what I think is the right thing, and there I leave it. For those that understand it, it does very well. They get their answer in a pithy shape, and they go away with it. But in the majority of instances, trying to save time, I either have to spend a good deal more in putting the answer into more acceptable forms, or they go away disappointed. . . . Is it [not] a want of meekness to say that people must take it as I chose to give it, or not at all?

It is curious to me to see so experienced a man ascribe this failing either to pride or sloth. I can only explain the error by saying that no one is a good judge in his own cause. True, a tinge of conceit touches almost all faults, and this perhaps explains why one so ready to pronounce against himself should think these failings due to the moral fault of vainglory rather than to natural impulsiveness, to which I unhesitatingly ascribe them. I quote again from his own writings.¹

Talking of my conceit, I have a story to tell. . . . When I came from Rome a young priest in 1850, I have no doubt that I was

¹ This story is taken from an unfinished work entitled, *What I remember*, which consists of anecdotes written with great spirit, but unfortunately only extending to the time of his leaving Harrow. It is the intention of the writer of these lines to complete it, as far as possible, from Father Morris' own descriptions. A considerable number in print and manuscript are already to hand, but many more must yet be found before the project can be considered feasible.

perfectly prepared to set every priest in England right. I do not exactly remember ever trying to do it with Dr. Husenbeth of Cossey, but at our first meeting I cannot have left a favourable impression upon him, for forty years afterwards, turning over the leaves of a collection of letters addressed to Canon Tierney, I came upon one from Dr. Husenbeth, the postscript of which said: "*Entre nous*, J. M. is a conceited puppy." It was delightful to see one's self as others saw one long ago, as in an old daguerreotype; and it was pleasant to know that I had succeeded in overcoming the good old man's antipathy, for we were very good friends for many years up to his death.

This little history is doubtless a sample of many similar incidents. Father Morris' character was not so simple as to be understood at a glance, and its weak points were perhaps the most easily noticed. I might liken the feeling one first entertained for him to the uneasiness one might experience in living close to a big powder-magazine. Yet confidence would be regained on finding not only that its dangers were thoroughly guarded against, but that its great forces were sure to be exerted for you, not against you. Hence the initial distrust came to be exchanged for the very opposite sentiment. One felt that in him one had a friend whose strength and loyalty could be relied upon to overcome all difficulties, and undoubtedly his great heart and power of resource did lead to achievements which may justly be called great.

Even to indicate these would practically be to sketch his whole life, and so I confine myself to some of the chief ones. Yet the greatest of all I am fain to omit almost entirely, I mean the work of his own sanctification, the taming of his strong nature, the training of all his faculties to become an ideal follower of Jesus Christ, such as every Jesuit intends and ought to try to be. One mark only of his success in this endeavour will I mention, but that is a notable one—it is that he had come to enjoy almost a reputation for possessing the virtue contrary to his chief natural failing. Naturally warm and choleric, you would have thought he might have become a disturber of peace, perhaps the occasion of many quarrels. In fact he had come to be generally regarded as a mutual friend and something like a go-between amongst the various sections of the Catholic body, ruling and subject, religious and secular, clerical and lay. A priest whose judgment is widely and deservedly appreciated, wrote to me on the occasion of his death that he had "felt instinctively that Father Morris had a store of *oil and wine* (and there are

not many who have both) in the service of the badly wounded." Higher and truer praise could under the circumstances hardly have been given, and it will suffice, I hope, to enable my readers to conjecture how much more of a similar nature might be said did my space or the occasion permit.

Of his successes in external labour I will single out two. The first again partakes too much of the spiritual element to allow of its detailed description here. I allude to his popularity and success in expounding the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, or, as we generally say, in giving retreats. Of the many forms of sacred ministry in which Jesuits, according to the wide scope of their Institute, may be employed, this is reckoned the most excellent, and Father Morris was a master in the art. To ladies and gentlemen, to religious communities of men and women, and to the secular clergy, he gave retreats, on which the graces of renewed fervour and increased zeal were constantly and abundantly bestowed. His own fervour, his burning words, his great knowledge of Scripture and of the spiritual life, were all employed here to the greatest advantage. Of the appreciation which these endeavours received I forbear to speak.

The other great success of his life which I select for mention is the now popular devotion to the English Martyrs, of which he might truly be called the Apostle. Before he became their champion their fame had sunk into comparative obscurity. What first enlisted him in their cause I do not know. Perhaps it was the initiative of Cardinal Wiseman, to whose large-minded views may be traced so many reforms since worked out. However this may be, as early at least as 1855 Father Morris had got up their whole case, and from that time onwards was the adviser of the Archbishops of Westminster in legal and historical matters connected with the cause, and was in great measure also the prime mover of the various investigations, processes and consultations, which have resulted, in our own day, in the approbation of their *cultus* by Pope Leo. He was throughout these proceedings the *Postulator*, as it is called, not only on behalf of the Martyrs of his own Order, but by commission of Cardinal Wiseman and his successors, was the recognized advocate of all.

The devotion has now been taken up with the happiest results by the faithful at large, and its impulse has resulted in an immense gain to our literature, for the Decree of Beatification

has raised up a really excellent school of Catholic writers on the Reformation period. For all this we owe very much indeed to Father Morris, and his claim to take rank among the prominent men of the Church in this country must rest chiefly on his long and successful labours in this matter.

Here we stop. Much indeed might be said of his many writings, of his endeavours (again successful) to popularize amongst us the devotion of the Heroic Act of Charity, and of the many smaller good works in which he was constantly occupied, but such an attempt would lead us too far afield.

J. H. POLLEN.

The following list of the chief events in his life is put together from two papers in Father Morris' own hand, one of which is a guide to the testimonials he presented at the *concorso* held for the appointment of a Canon Penitentiary in the Westminster diocese, a post which he obtained in September, 1861, as will be seen below.

JOANNES MORRIS (confirmatus THOMAS), filius natu maximus JOANNIS CARNAC MORRIS et ROSANNÆ CURTIS (quondam CHERRY), uxoris ejus, liberorum xv.

Gratia Dei sum id quod sum.

- Anno 1826, die 4 mensis Julii natus apud Ootacamund.
 eodem, die 18 Octobris baptizatus apud Madras.
 1846, die 20 Maii, in Vigilia Ascensionis Dni., in gremium
 S. Matris Ecclesiæ receptus ab Illmo. et Rmo. Dno.,
 Dno. Gulielmo Wareing.
 eodem, die sequenti, Sacra Communionem refectus.
 eodem, die 22 ejusdem mensis, ab eodem Rmo. Dno. Epo. in
 Ecclesia sua apud Northanton. Sacro Chrismate
 confirmatus.
 eodem, die 4 Novembris, in festo S. Caroli, Collegium S. Thomæ
 Anglorum de Urbe ingressus.
 1847, die 13 Maii juramentum Missionis præstitit.
 eodem, die 21 mensis ejusdem, Sacra Tonsura insignitus.
 eodem, die 25 ejusdem, ab Illmo. et Rmo. Dno. Josepho Canali,
 Patriarcha Constantinopol. in Capella sua privata iv
 Minoribus Ordinibus initiatus.
 eodem, die 5 Decembris, ab eodem Rmo. Epo. Subdiaconus
 ordinatus.
 1848, die 23 Septembris, in Patriarchali Basilica Lateranensi,
 ab Emo. et Rmo. Dno., Dno. Constantino Card.
 Patrizi, S. Diaconatu decoratus.

- Anno 1849, die 22 Septembris, ibidem et eodem S. R. E. Cardinali cum præsentatione S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide, et dispensatione Apostolica super defectum ætatis, ad S. Presbyteratus Ordinem promotus.
- eodem, die sequenti, in Collegio Portioduni ad altare Bmæ. Mariæ Virginis, Missam primam celebravit, primitiasque suas Deo consecravit.
- 1850, mense Maio, in Angliam reversus, missus est a Vicario Apostolico Districtus Orientalis ut curam assumeret Missionis S. Petri apud Great Marlow.
- 1852, die 24 Junii, Canonicus Northantoniensis renunciatus.
- 1853, Romam vocatus a Summo Pontifice, pro implendo munere Vice-Rectoris in Collegio S. Thomæ.
- 1856, Angliam reversus, de providentia Emi. et Rmi. Dni., Dni. Cardinalis Wiseman, primum apud Ecclesiam S. Thomæ apud Fulham per octo menses, deinde per annum in nobili familia Campdeniana inservienda versatus est.
- Annum 1859 transegit in officio Secretarii et Cœrimoniarum Illmi. et Rmi. D. Epi. Northantoniensis, de cujus licentia ineunte anno 1861 Londinum venit in familiarius servitium præfati Emi. Cardinalis.
- Anno 1861, die 18 Septembris, Canonicus Pœnitentiarius Westmonasteriensis renunciatus.
- 1867, die 28 Februarii, Societatem ingressus.
- 1877, die 15 Augusti, professus iv votorum.
- [1893, die 22 Octobris, dum illa verba ad populum proferebat, "Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari, et quæ sunt Dei Deo," operum plenus, ab omnibus dilectus, animam piam fidelem benevolam in manus Domini reddidit.]

English Guilds in the Middle Ages.

WHAT has become of those guilds which played such a prominent part in the middle ages? Have they died out so utterly that they have left nothing but memories behind them? Have we in the Trade Union a lineal descendant, or a mere resemblance, or an outgrowth by evolution, or the form naturally assumed when forces similar to those of old act on modern materials? A brief survey of the origin and of the objects of the guilds will suggest which of these alternatives can claim to come nearest to the truth.

We owe much to the guilds. Our existing civilization was nursed and fostered by the guilds, they developed our trade by sea and land and moulded our social habits and our national character, and on many occasions they fought and won the battles of our political liberties. We are what we are to-day mainly in consequence of the action of the guilds. They were a real embodiment and a record of the inner life of the nation, vigorous but unseen. The history which is familiar to most of us is chiefly the surface history of the nation, made by the passions and the ambitions of a few highly placed individuals. But the real history of the nation is something beyond this. It is the sum of the small histories of inconspicuous units, whose unnoticed daily round of duties and pleasures helped to build up the nation. It is their thoughts and their aspirations, inarticulate at first and unheeded, which ultimately find expression in upheavings from below, levelling up the masses and gradually readjusting the balance of power. Real history traces and considers these unseen forces, the ever working microbes of the body politic. They are working out their results now before our eyes, and many of these results already had their origin in the needs and necessities which originated and promoted the guild system.

Guilds (or gilds, as some prefer to write the word) have been spoken of as an Anglo-Saxon institution. But this is

a much too limited, and indeed a mistaken notion. As an institution, however it may have been named, we may safely say that the guilds date back to the time when the family was no longer found sufficient for the enlarged needs of its members. Intercourse with other families had introduced civilization and commerce, and these speedily brought with them the need of association for mutual advantage. The family was the earliest and the natural prototype of the guild, for the guild was primarily but an extension of the family, uniting men for reciprocal protection, and substituting a wider if artificial bond for that tie of relationship which bound together men of the same blood. The need for association was felt wherever men were congregated, and consequently the associations which met this need were equally widespread. We find them everywhere and at a very early period in the history of mankind. To say nothing of the East, the cradle of so many ideas which grew to maturity in the West, already in the Roman Republic there flourished forerunners, if we may not rather call them the direct ancestors, of the mediæval guilds.

Before the Empire, there existed *Collegia privata*, voluntary associations for lawful purposes recognized by a *Senatus Consultus*, or Act of the governing body, presided over by a *Magister*, a president or Master. They had their *Quæstor*, treasurer, and *Arcarius*, sub-treasurer, their *Curia* or hall for meeting; they could hold corporate property; they had their priest, their temple, their common sacrifices, their banners and processions. The members helped to support their poorer brethren, and imposed contributions to meet expenses. They assembled to bury the dead, and met on the *Dies Rosarum*, the Rose Day, to deck the tombs of deceased members with roses and violets. De Rossi tells us of associations in ancient Rome, *Funerum causa*, burial clubs, which not only buried but bought land for interments. This fact has a very special interest for us, as it was ostensibly for a Roman Burial Guild that the Catacombs were bought, and thus a Roman Guild sheltered the early days of the Christian Church.

These Roman *Collegia* existed in Britain as they did in the other provinces of the Roman Empire. Inscriptions have been found, proving the presence of these *collegia*, some commercial and some religious, associations legislated for in the Theodosian Code. They remained when the Romans left the island, and were assimilated by the races which came later, so

that amongst the legacies left us by the Romans we may safely enumerate the idea, at least, of the guild. Indeed the very name of "Master" (*Magister*), still retained by the chief dignitary of many survivals of the guild companies (*e.g.* the "Master Cutler" of Sheffield), tells its own tale of its Roman descent.

II.

The actual date of the introduction of the guild system into England is unknown, and this rather proves its antiquity. Mr. Toulmin Smith says :

English guilds as a system of widespread practical institutions, are older than any kings of England. They are told of in the books that contain the oldest relics of English laws. The old laws of King Alfred, of King Ina, of King Henry I., reproduce still older laws, in which the universal existence of guilds is treated as a matter of well-known fact, and in which it is taken to be a matter of course that every one belonged to some guild.¹

Guilds flourished most perhaps during the Anglo-Saxon period of our history, and this fact furnishes an explanation and an answer to the contention of those who assert that guilds are a Teutonic invention. No doubt the guild system ran easily in the groove of Teutonic habits, and was woven into the web of Teutonic life, but the Teuton invaders found guilds already existing in England, and utilized what they did not originate. As early as 860, we know that there was a guild of Cnihts in London, and the same guild seems to have continued in existence for many centuries after the Norman Conquest. In Domesday Book we find mention of a guild of clerks at Canterbury, which must have had by that time a lengthy existence, as it possessed much house property ; and there is mention, too, of the Guild Hall of the burgesses of Dover. This word "burgesses," by the way, so familiar in our internal political life, seems to have come to us through the guilds, according to the genesis traced for it by Mr. Maitland.

Towns being erected in the neighbourhood of castles for their protection, had the name of burghs or burgs given to them, and as the soldiers who garrisoned the same burghs were called burghers, so the inhabitants of the towns or new burghs likewise received the name of burghers, now corruptly burgesses, and the same burgesses

¹ *Traditions of the Old Crown House*, p. 28.

being formed into a community, the constitutions formed for their good government were denominated the burgh or borough laws, and the burgesses perceiving the benefit resulting from the said community, erected themselves into companies or guilds.¹

The mediæval guilds, though founded for many various objects, were all animated by one and the same spirit. Wise social charity and brotherly aid were to be found in all alike. Far more completely than any modern organization, the guilds with their pervading Christian ideals met the needs of the then existing social and commercial life. There was no encouragement given to that spirit of narrow selfishness and hard disregard of others which characterize mere trade unions. "Rattening" and "piqueting" and "puncing," and other trade union substitutes for Christian charity had as yet no existence, but

The guild stood like a loving mother, providing and assisting at the side of her sons in every circumstance of life, and she cared for her children after death. The ordinances as to this last act breathe the same spirit of equality among her sons, on which all her regulations were founded, and which constituted her strength. In cases of insolvency at death, the funerals of poor members were to be equally respected with those of the rich.²

Without claiming exemption from the imperfections which mar the realization of any perfectly planned but merely human institution, it may yet be claimed for the guilds that they adequately supplied the wants of the times in which they flourished, and supplied them with such a measure of kindly human sympathy as we shall vainly seek for elsewhere. All the various accidents and vicissitudes of life were provided for by the guilds, and the range of their provident care was exceedingly wide. Thus we find social guilds and religious guilds, craft guilds and merchant guilds, guilds for the relief of poverty, old age, and sickness. Insurance guilds against loss by fire, flood, robbery, and shipwreck, guilds for the repair of roads, bridges, and churches; guilds for obtaining work, for defence in lawsuits, and for giving of dowries to females on marriage, or on entering a religious house. Incidentally, we see what a wide field all this provided for developing powers of organization and government among the rank and file of the nation. Their good work was not confined to their own

¹ *History of Edinburgh.*

² Dr. Brentano, *Essay on Guilds*, p. 133.

members. A guild in Lincoln daily fed on bread, fish, and ale as many poor persons as there were brothers and sisters in the guild. Other guilds provided beds for poor strangers, and almshouses for the poor of the place, as was done by the Guild of the Holy Cross at Birmingham, while at Coventry the guild-merchant kept a lodging-house with thirteen beds "to lodge poor folk coming through the land on pilgrimage or on any other work of charity," with a governor of the house and a woman to wash the pilgrims' feet. Nor did they restrict themselves to corporal works of mercy. In 1352, the Guild of Corpus Christi at Cambridge obtained permission from the King to found a college or house of scholars, by the name of "The House of Scholars of Corpus Christi and the Blessed Mary of Cambridge." As it was near the Church of St. Benedict, it came to be called St. Bennet's College, but it has regained its old name, and in the Cambridge of to-day it is known as Corpus Christi College. Free schools were maintained by many guilds, such as the Guild of Palmers at Ludlow, the Guild of St. Nicholas at Worcester, and the Guild of Kalendars at Bristol. In spite of the Arabian nights' recollection which the name calls up, the Kalendars had nothing Eastern in their origin or duties. They were purely religious guilds, and seem to trace their name directly to ancient Rome. The clergy met once a month to discuss Church matters, and as the Romans of old had entrusted the regulation of the public *Calendars* to the Pontifex Maximus, the Christian clergy inherited their functions, and were formed into guilds for the purpose of keeping a public record of events, and they had charge, too, of the public library. Though confined at first to the clergy, the Guild of Kalendars subsequently admitted laymen, but always in a subordinate position. At least one Guild of Kalendars existed in every town, under the presidency of a Dean (*Decanus*), which title sufficiently shows the purely ecclesiastical origin and nature of these guilds.

The guilds not only provided for the daily wants of ordinary life, but, unintentionally perhaps, they opened the way to political life. The sanction of the Sovereign was necessary for the legal existence of any guild, and Henry II. was glad of the opportunity of levying a heavy fine on many guilds as having been established without the King's authority. The first Edward made it his policy to encourage trade guilds, as they formed a barrier and a check upon the lawlessness and

violence of the Barons; and the encouragement of the guilds led to the growth of towns.

The Merchant Guild [says Mr. Green in his *Short History of the English People*], over its ale feast, regulated trade, and looked to the one repair of gate and wall. Not only were all these rights secured by custom from the first, but they were constantly widening as time went on. The lord of the town, whether he were king, lord, or abbot, was commonly thriftless or poor, and the capture of a noble or the campaign of a Sovereign, or the building of some new minster by a prior, brought about an appeal to the thrifty burghers who were ready to fill again their master's treasury at the price of a strip of parchment which gave them freedom of trade, of justice, and of government. For the most part, the liberties of our towns were bought in this way, by sheer hard bargaining.

The Customal of Preston, supposed to date from the time of Henry II., shows us how political liberty was acquired by means of the guild. Among the "liberties" of the Preston Guild, liberties and concessions won no doubt in return for much hard cash, we find it set forth:

If any native (serf or bondman) reside in the same town or hold any land, and be in the same guild and hanse, and pay scot and lot with the same burgesses for one year and a day, then shall he not be reclaimed by his lord, but remain free of the said town.¹

By becoming a member of the guild he then became a *free* man, and we see how this appellation came to be synonymous with burgher. The majority of the guilds were organizations for the furtherance of common trade interests, to secure themselves rights and liberties for which mere family ties were not sufficient, and also to secure that defence and protection which the State was not yet strong enough to give. But they were not mere trade guilds and social guilds, they had to be police guilds as well.

A good specimen of a guild charter is furnished by the charter granted in 1245 by Henry III., "To John Mauncell, parson of the church of Wygan" in which he declares,

That his town of Wygan should be a borough for ever and that the burgesses should have gild merchant with hansa and all the liberties and free customs to such gild belonging, with the privileges to the burgesses of sok and sak, tol and thein, attachments within the borough, infangenthef and utfangenthef and exemptions from toll, lestage, pontage passage and stallage over land and at all seaports, &c.²

¹ Dobson and Harland, *History of Preston Guild*, p. 73.

² Baines, *Lancashire*, iii. 530.

By means of such a charter as this the guild members came to possess the privilege of nobles, since by right of *Soc* they had power to hold courts, by right of *Sack* they held land by honourable tenure other than knight-service, and by *Infangtheof* they had the powers of a lord of the manor, of judging any thief taken within the limits of their jurisdiction.

The general features of early English guilds are thus lucidly summarized by Mr. Toulmin Smith :

The early English Guild was an institution of local self-help, which before Poor Laws were invented took the place in old times of the modern Friendly or Benefit Society, *but with a much higher aim* : while it joined all classes together in a care for the needy and for objects of common welfare, it did not neglect the forms and the practice of religion, morality, and justice.¹

The combination of religion with the occupation of daily life, and with social relaxation, was a marked feature of the guilds. The religion of the middle ages was not gloomy. The highest ideals were put before men ; Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory were living realities to the members of the guilds, but knowledge of the truths of faith did not sadden and sour their dispositions, it only gave solidity to the hope which springs eternal in the human heart. They knew God, and they served Him with cheerfulness. The guilds gave Him the first place, they went in solemn procession to their guild churches, they founded Masses and erected altars, and placed stained-glass windows in our great cathedrals, and held the souls of the departed in loving remembrance. A yearly Requiem was sung for all deceased brethren, and a distribution of alms was made to the poor that they too might pray for their souls. But having given the first place to God, they gave themselves with simplicity of heart to that social relaxation so necessary for man's well-being, knowing well that they had the sanction and encouragement of Him who worked His first miracle at the marriage-feast of Cana. The guilds were wise in their generation. They legislated for men, and men need occasional amusement as much as they need food and work. Hence they had no idea of working at continual high pressure, and rules for times and seasons of relaxation were carefully set forth. This was done partly to secure good workmanship by preventing over-fatigue, and partly that all might have sufficient leisure for domestic and political duties. It was enacted that no guild

¹ *English Guilds*. Early English Text Society, 1870.

member should work longer than from the beginning of day till curfew, that no work be done on Sundays or festivals. The Saturday half holiday, swept away at the Reformation, and only recently re-introduced, was universal in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The holidays of the Church are a frequent target for modern abuse, but "St. Monday" and Bank Holidays, and the annual trip to the seaside and an eight hours' day do not so very much lengthen out the hours men would like to work if they were relieved from the pressure of crushing competition: any way the guild craftsmen found time to execute enduring and artistic work which we still admire and know not how to equal.

III.

The festivals of the guilds were usually held on the feast-day of their Patron Saint. The day began with Mass and a procession, and afterwards came the feast and the games and often a miracle play. Nor was the miracle play simply intended to catch the eye, but it served pleasantly to inculcate religion and morality.

Once upon a time (in the city of York) a play setting forth the goodness of the Lord's Prayer was played in this city, in which play all manner of sins and vices were held up to scorn, and the virtues were held up to praise. The play met with such favour that many said, "Would that this play could be kept up in this city, for the health of the souls and for the comfort of the citizens." This was the origin of the Guild of the Lord's Prayer, a guild which existed to keep up this play for the glory of God, the Maker of the said prayer, and for the holding up of sins and vices to scorn.

A general idea of a gala day with the guilds may be gathered from some details of an anniversary feast of the Guild of the Holy Cross at Abingdon. They are found in the *Liber Niger*, or Black Book of the Corporation of London.

The fraternity hold their feast yearly on the 3rd of May, the Invention (finding) of the Holy Cross, and then they used to have 12 priests to sing a *Dirige* (Requiem), for which they gave them 4d. a piece: they had also 12 minstrels who had 2s. 3d. besides their dyet and horse-meat. At one of these festivals (A.D. 1445) they had 6 calves, valued at 2s. 2d. a piece, 16 lambs, 12d. a piece, 80 capons 3d. a piece, 80 geese 2d. a piece, 800 eggs which cost 5d. the 100, and many marrow bones, creame, and floure, besides what theyre servants and others brought in; and pageants and plays and May-games to captivate the senses of the zealous beholders.

From which we may conclude that guild festivals were substantial entertainments and on a large scale. Their magnitude is rather brought out by the forced sale of the *batterie de cuisine* of a guild in a small Norfolk village, whose lands had been seized but which retained its Guild Hall till 1650, when among the items then sold were four spits weighing 169 lbs., a metal pot weighing 44 lbs., two pots of brass weighing 89 lbs., and 30 lbs. of pewter vessels, "clear proofs of the jolly proceedings of the guilds." Poor little village of Arcady, with such "clear proofs," it must have been convinced of its enormities; but did it become very much better and very much happier after it had seen the solid instruments of its departed "jolly proceedings" converted into hard cash for the King's benefit?

IV.

The rules and constitutions of the guild give us a good insight into the manners and the needs of the times. We have *in extenso* the regulations of a London Guild of the tenth century. It was composed of Thanes and Ceorls (gentlemen and yeomen) under the perpetual presidency of the Bishop and Port-Gerefa of London, and had for its object "the suppression of theft and the maintenance of the public peace." The following is an appreciation of this guild, given by a competent authority.¹

The regulations and provisions of this guild command our unqualified respect. They are irrefutable evidence of a high state of civilization. We have in them a scheme of mutual assurance with all the appliances for carrying it out, combined with a thorough comprehension of the true principles upon which such schemes are founded. The guild not only satisfies itself that the claim is honest, but repudiates payment of it whenever the claimant has shown himself to have been contributory to it by his negligence. And lastly, the guild to secure the society against claims of unlimited and overwhelming amounts, establishes a maximum of compensation.

Yet with our changed social ideas some of these provisions rather grate upon our ears. We see the wisdom of rating the maximum compensation for a horse at half a pound (*i.e.* pounds weight of silver), oxen at 20d., and sheep at 1s. But a slave lost or strayed is also valued at half a pound, or less, and if "he has stolen himself," by running away from his master, he shall be stoned, and his owner compensated by every brother who

¹ *Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society*, vol. iv. p. 12.

owns a slave giving 1d. A runaway slave we must remember was a lawless and desperate character, a bushranger necessarily, and so a public danger, and strong measures were needed to prevent any "taking to the bush." The brother who openly kills a thief shall have 12s. out of the common fund, an enactment which shows the guild had a simple-minded and purely business-like appreciation of thieves. But this draconic severity is tempered by much kindness, the remains of their feast is all to be given to the poor, and the poor widow who has no land of her own or no one to contribute on her behalf is to have the benefit of the guild free of expense.

A similar guild of Thanes existed at Cambridge. The members swore on the holy relics that in all disputes they would always take part with him who had justice on his side; its statutes furnish us with an instance of race animosity which we have happily survived. "If any member who is poor shall kill any one and compensation must be made, then if the deceased was worth twelve hundred shillings, each member shall contribute half a mark (£1 17s. 9d.), but if the deceased were a hind, each member shall give two *oræ*¹ (9s. 4d.), if a *Welshman*, only one." It was not only gallant little Wales which was subjected to unfair treatment, for in 1447 the Fullers and Dyers of Newcastle-on-Tyne enacted "that no Scotchman born shall be taken apprentice, nor any such set to work, under a penalty of 20s." When Scotsmen "came over the border," they generally left enough soreness behind them to explain such clauses.

Thus with all their excellences, the guilds reflect to some extent the prejudices and prepossessions of their times. Except in religious guilds it was not feasible to have absolute equality among the members, nor was it always desirable that the guild should include members of very different social status. I do not know whether any English Guild inserted clauses excluding from membership those with "unwashed hands," or "with blue nails," as was done on the Continent. But however homogeneous in the beginning, as time went on social cleavage was inevitable. An aristocracy in trade developed itself, the merchant guilds differentiated themselves from the craft guild, and we see the process begun when butchers, who were the original traders in hides and wool, are excluded from the Woollen Merchant Guilds,

¹ The *oræ* was a value, not a coin; like our present "guinea" somewhat, except that it never had had any existence.

or when the bakers ceased to be corn merchants also. The Craft Guilds resented this social and political inferiority allotted to them, but the struggles they maintained to rise in the political scale belong rather to larger history.

The members of the craft, or trade guilds, were what we should now call small tradesmen, who worked for their own profit, employing apprentices, who looked forward to being "masters" in their craft in their turn. They were united to protect themselves against the competition of non-members, and to secure a market for their wares, and not, like modern trade unions, to assert the rights of labour against capital. In addition to their character as associations for the trade interests of their members, they were religious brotherhoods as well; and here is seen their marked differentiation from modern unions. At the very first meeting of the members who originated the London Company of Grocers, they fixed a stipend for the priest who should be their chaplain and say their Requiem Masses.

In this respect [says Dr. Brentano]¹ the craft-gilds of all countries are alike: and in reading their statutes, one might fancy that the old craftsmen cared only for the well-being of their souls. We find innumerable ordinances also as to the support of the sick and poor, and to afford a settled asylum for distress, the London companies early built dwellings near their halls. The chief care however of the gildmen was always directed to the welfare of the souls of the dead.

One of the rules of the Fullers of Lincoln, dating from 1297, will serve as a specimen of rules common to all:

When any of the bretheren or sisteren dies, the rest shall give a halfpenny each to buy bread to be given to the poor, for the soul's sake of the dead.

This custom of distributing bread to the poor on the occasion of funerals still survives on the Continent.

V.

With the increase of wealth and its wider diffusion came the decay of the craft guilds. The craftsmen had grown to be capitalists, and hedged themselves in by raising the property qualification for membership. Wealth brought pride, and the desire of monopoly, and other evils in its train. The old equality was broken up. The guild was divided into three

¹ *Essay on Guilds*, p. 134.

sections: the "livery," for the wealthy; the rest were "householders," if masters; while the journeymen were simple "freemen," with no voice in the government of the guild. Yet the bond was only loosened, not broken by these internal reforms. The social and religious guilds remained in their vigour, and when they ceased to exist, bequeathed to us those ideas of association for mutual aid and charitable purposes which still survive amongst us. Out of the eighty-nine guilds of London, seventy-seven minor and twelve great companies, most of the former have quite disappeared, while we hear of the latter as still having a festive if somewhat shadowy existence. The Reformation crushed the whole system of guilds. The twelve great city companies unwisely, and perhaps involuntarily, lent Henry VIII. £21,263, which Henry may have intended to repay, but he found it easier next year to pass an "Act for the dissolution of Colleges," which term included "free chapells, chauntries, hospitalles, fraternities, and guilds." They were opportunely found to have misapplied their possessions in various ways, and so their misapplication was rectified by all their possessions being applied "for the maintenance of the Crown." The twelve companies escaped, as they were not "guylds," but trading companies. What remained to be gleaned after this shameless spoliation of the property of the poor and thrifty, was swept into the pockets of the King and his favourites by an Act of Edward VI. A.D. 1547, "An Acte whereby certaine chauntries, colleges, free chapells, and the possessions of the same be given to the King's Ma^{te}." The ground of the spoliation is stated to be superstition—

By devising and phantasinge vague opynions of Purgatorye and Masses satisfactorie to be done for them which be departed, the which doctryne and vayne opynion by nothing more is mayntayned and upholden than by the abuse of trentalls,¹ chauntries, and other provisions made for the contynuanee of the said blyndness.

And so the guilds were summarily strangled out of existence. It is a melancholy picture of greed and avarice and shameful robbery under the mask of legal formalities, and we can do no good by dwelling on such a gloomy picture. But I think we may grieve for the guilds and hold them in kindly remembrance. In many ways they fought their battles for our benefit, and life is smoother for us because they have trodden down the

¹ Thirty Masses on thirty consecutive days, also called St. Gregory's Indulgence or privilege.

rough places. If they did not always rise superior to the prejudices and living passions of their times, they mitigated much which they had no chance of eradicating. No doubt individual guilds, like individual men, had their faults, yet we ought not to complain too loudly if the guilds did not root out all the selfish instincts of men engaged in trade rivalries, for we are a very long way from having done this ourselves, and why should we vent our indignation on the child because he has not had the experience of mature manhood? They had enough good in them for any one to deal gently with their faults now that they are dead. Will they ever rise again? We might indeed reproduce the outward form of the craft guilds, but could we breathe into them again that animating spirit of faith, which was the unseen and spiritual source of their highest ideals, and the bond of union which prompted all their kindly care for their living members, and their many prayers and charities for the welfare of the souls of their dead?

W. D. STRAPPINI.

The Life of a Siberian Priest.

SO much has been written about Siberia of late years, and so many English travellers have visited that country, that it would seem almost superfluous to dwell upon the geographical features of that vast portion of the Russian Empire. But one thing has not been realized by most English people, and that is, its enormous size. Its provinces are each larger than the largest kingdom in Europe. The Governmental Province of Jackuck is fifteen times bigger than the whole of Great Britain. The Province of Tobolsk is twice as large as France; that of Tomsk twice as large as the whole of Germany; and so on. Scattered throughout these huge provinces are between thirty and forty thousand Catholics, almost all Poles; but there are only eleven priests to administer to their spiritual wants, who are under the jurisdiction of the metropolitan Bishop of Mohylewski who resides at St. Petersburg, which is between thirteen and fourteen hundred miles off. The parishes are enormous in extent; that of Tomsk, for instance, covers an area of 38,186 square miles; that of Krackno-Jarsk 46,708 square miles, and one can judge by these figures under what difficulties the missionaries labour in Siberia. For a great number of years the Jesuits undertook these missions; but on their dispersion in 1820, the care of souls was entrusted to other priests, some secular and some regular, whose heroic labours are recorded in the history of what Boghdan Zalewski calls "the Polish Thebaid." If the Poles have been the pioneers of civilization in Siberia, their holy and devoted missionaries have carried the torch of Faith to the very shores of the Pacific Ocean and merited the title of apostles in that vast continent. Among these zealous labourers in God's vineyard, Father Valerian Gromadski is one of the most admirable, from his courage, zeal, and self-sacrifice; and a short account of his life and adventures will, we think, be of interest to our readers.

He was born in Gitomir, where his mother still lives, and from his earliest years determined to be a priest. Having passed through the necessary training and been ordained, he was appointed curate at Harochow in Wohlynia. There, for some reason or other, he fell under the suspicion of the Russian Government and, in 1861, was sent to Siberia. On his way to his far-off destination, he was allowed to break his journey at Omsk, where he was enthusiastically received by several hundred Catholics, who were too thankful for the opportunity thus given them of approaching the sacraments and hearing Holy Mass, of which they had been so long deprived. One day, however, he received a summons from the Governor of the town, a Frenchman named Duchamel, who told him "that he had received orders to send him on to his destination; that if he remained at Omsk he would have nothing to live upon; while in the town to which he had been nominated, he would have a fixed salary." He added, "that personally he had no objection to his remaining where he was, if he chose to do so." Father Gromadski replied "that he felt sure any one of the four or five hundred Catholics in Omsk would very willingly share his last morsel of bread with him; and that if the Government would allow it, he was ready to remain and work amongst them, not caring for material comforts, which were of no consideration whatever." The Governor, touched at his answer, at once rose and shook hands with him; and has, ever since, proved one of the staunchest supporters of the mission. Father Gromadski stayed on accordingly till 1869, when he was sent by his Bishop to Tomsk, leaving a lasting remembrance in the hearts of the poor Catholics of Omsk and also a small stone church which he had mainly built himself. At Tomsk he found a Polish Catholic Governor, M. Despoth-Knowicz, who was always ready and willing to help him and his Catholic congregation; and a few years later, he was appointed by his metropolitan, Bishop Gintowt, to be parish priest. Though his nomination has never been formally recognized by the Russian authorities, yet his title to and jurisdiction over that immense parish has never been disputed.

Before giving our readers some extracts from his most interesting letters, we will say a few words as to the original foundation of this important mission. When after the imprisonment of Bishop Sotyk and his companions, the unhappy band of Polish exiles so greatly increased in numbers, the Russian

Government at last granted the petition of the prisoners and instructed the Governor to allow the Catholics to open a mission and have their own priest. The first was a Jesuit Father, then the Bernardines (Franciscans), were appointed to succeed the Jesuits, and Father Remigius erected the first chapel, dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. When, in 1833, the Polish exiles arrived in such large numbers, a church to replace the temporary chapel became an absolute necessity. But how could funds be found? The exiles arrived on foot and in the greatest destitution. Father Remigius was not to be discouraged. He sold the few cattle he then possessed, bought a horse and cart with the proceeds, and then went about the whole country, to every town and every village, knocking at every door, and asking alms in the name of Jesus Christ. He accepted gratefully everything that was offered him, whether it were money, or bread, or meat, or linen, or flour, &c. Everywhere he met with a kind and hospitable reception. When his cart was well filled, he returned to Tomsk, gathered his flock together, and set them to work to build the church. He himself mixed the mortar, made the bricks, slacked the lime, and superintended the whole work. The food he had brought he divided among the workmen, and when his stock was exhausted he set out again to beg. In this way, at last, the church was completed, while its internal adornment was due to the generous contributions of distant benefactors. Over the high altar hangs a copy of Raphael's Transfiguration, a subject peculiarly suited to poor exiles, leading them to offer up their sufferings and home sickness to Him Who could transform their sorrows into meritorious acts for His greater glory. Many other pictures were subsequently added, and a stone tower was built, in which hang a good peal of bells. The church itself was built on a mountain commanding a view of the town and the whole country. On one side flows the River Tomsk amidst magnificent scenery, on the other rise immense forests many miles in extent.

This was the state of things when Father Remigius was recalled to his monastery; but Father Gromadski carried on his work in the same manner. A Catholic cemetery was added in which he planted trees and shrubs, and which is so beautifully kept that even strangers stop to admire it. Now, his great anxiety is to build an orphanage for the poor children whose parents have perished in the prisons, which are hot-beds of typhus fever. Strangely enough children are less liable to this disease than

older people; but the result is, that Father Gromadski has an endless number of these poor little ones on his hands. One of his greatest benefactors was the late Comtesse Potocka, whose charity was inexhaustible and who never forgot the poor Siberian exiles. But he is yet very far from having obtained enough money for his purpose. We will now give our readers some extracts from his letters to his mother, which will give the best picture of his labours and trials. In November, 1871, he writes from the banks of the Kama :

"Thank God ! I am in good health and able to work in His vineyard for these poor people. Their emotion is so touching and sincere at the sight of a priest and at the thought of being able to go to confession and once more hear Holy Mass, blessings of which they have been deprived for years. How fervently one prays when tears are in the soul and accompany the Holy Sacrifice instead of organ and song ! But sometimes the people sing and their voices are so touching, so pathetic and heartfelt, and so full of expression that often I cannot help crying. How my heart aches for them ! For long years they had not been able to receive the Bread of Angels, or enjoy the smallest spiritual consolation. I baptized a great many children, some four or five years old ; and married a number of couples. It is difficult to make you realize what my life is with its constant alternations of joy and sadness."

Again, in 1872, he writes from Tomsk to his mother :

"I have just returned from a long journey and contrived to reach home before the thaw set in, which is very late this year. On the 25th of March there were thirty degrees of frost, and on the 4th of April twenty-five. The snowfall was an unusually heavy one, and the horses were often up to their ears in snow. Gliding through forests and steppes in my little sledge, surrounded on all sides by mountains of snow, I said my prayers and thought of you, while the little bells at the horses' heads formed the only sound. God preserved me and brought me back safely to my home. May He be thanked and praised, *in sæcula sæculorum*. This last journey of mine took six months, and I travelled about nine thousand versts. I baptized about one hundred children, married twenty couples, and heard the confessions of several thousand people, some of whom had not been able to draw near the Sacrament of Penance for years, and died immediately after receiving absolution, as if they had only waited for that grace. Others who had been ill, recovered their health

in a marvellous way after having the holy sacraments administered to them. In the beginning I did not feel any physical fatigue; but towards the end I had to make efforts to finish what I had begun, so great was my exhaustion. One day I was on my way to a lonely hamlet in which lived two Catholic families and a few unmarried men. I took the most direct route and came towards nightfall to the village of Wiesola. One of the peasants was going along the road with a waggon of straw. On perceiving such a phenomenon as a sledge gliding out of the forest, which he had never seen since his exile, he came up to my coachman and asked who I was? He replied, "A Catholic priest." Struck dumb with surprise, and still incredulous, he came up to my sledge and greeted me in Samogian with the customary salutation, "Blessed be Jesus Christ." I answered him in the same language, *in sæcula sæculorum*. (You must know that I have been compelled to learn the Samogian dialect as these good people do not know a word of Polish.) Well, no sooner had he heard my answer than he dropped his cap and gloves, was silent for a moment, and then gave vent to his pent-up feelings. He did not cry, he literally roared like a bull, and I could not restrain my tears. He then unharnessed his horse and galloped back to the village to announce the good news. When I arrived, I saw a little crowd hurrying out to meet me. Mothers held out their babies for me to bless, they smothered my hands with kisses, and some even kissed my coat. These poor people entertained me most hospitably, each offering me whatever he had, and thinking nothing was good enough for me. I was obliged to remain among them for several days, during which time I baptized the children, blessed the cemetery and each of their houses, and performed the funeral service over the remains of a poor fellow who had died a short time ago, and whom they had been compelled to bury without the rites of the Church. After hearing all their confessions, giving them Holy Communion, and consoling them as well as I could, I was compelled to leave them, and the same scene was enacted at my departure as on my arrival."

In spite of the consolation such visits afforded him, we must not imagine that Father Gromadski was free from one of the most terrible trials common to Siberian exiles, that yearning after their own country, their own home, and their own families, that longing for the Fatherland which they never again will be

permitted to see. In one of his letters, Father Gromadski owns to his mother how home-sick he had felt, how discouraged and cast down and that, at such times, nothing seemed to console him. "I often experience such moments," he writes, "which are indeed heavy trials; but in all may God's holy will be done; His will is the best and surest for us." And again, last winter, he says, "To-day I was cast down and very sad, but looking at the crucifix brought me from Rome, I offered to Jesus Christ my longings for home, and my terrible loneliness. In the evening Mr. H—— gave me your letter which was so full of consolation, and I felt that God had sent both the sorrow and the joy. May His Name be for ever blessed." The "consolation" which he speaks of was the assurance that in a far-off land people were praying for him and for his poor parish of Tomsk. "Ask for a little prayer for me and for my poor flock," is the burden of every letter. "We need it so much; ask the good Carmelites to redouble their zeal in praying for our intentions, their prayers obtain strength for us." Will no one who reads these lines join in such petitions? Writing to one of the benefactresses of the Tomsk Mission who had sent him a violet cope, Father Gromadski adds several little details which throw a vivid light on the cares and trials of a Siberian priest's daily life.

"In a short time I must go to the foot of the Altai Mountains to carry the consolations of religion to my poor brethren among the hills. The snow is very deep this year, so that at present the road is impracticable, and I must wait till the thaw sets in. This year has been a sad one, the winter has been unusually cold and long. On the 2nd of February, I was called to the sick-bed of a dying man. We drove for hours and hours, and were continually losing our way in the forest. How we arrived at our destination was a miracle; but, thank God, I came in time to administer the sacraments to the poor fellow. It was a most fearful night, and to show you what was the intensity of the cold, the next morning eighty men and women were found frozen to death. It is even worse in some ways, when the thaw sets in. The huts are then under water for a time, and many people are drowned. It is very dangerous to cross the Siberian rivers when they are swollen. One poor mother who was trying to save her child who had fallen out of the boat in which the family had taken refuge in the flood, let fall the baby she had in her arms, and so lost them both.

Another day I saw a horse and rider swept away by the foaming torrent, and it was impossible to render them any assistance. I could tell you a great deal more of our difficulties," he adds, "but the description would be monotonous, for we always have to face the same dangers and feel the same pleasure when we are able to do anything for God's service. But we must never forget that we are unprofitable servants, and try to have a pure intention in all our works, not looking for this world's praise or blame. Only one who thus labours can be counted happy."

We must bear in mind that the Russian Government does not allow anything for the expenses attendant on these distant journeys, unless there should be any Government troops quartered in the mission; but in Father Gromadski's case there were no soldiers to be looked after. The only assistance given by the authorities is a paper, by showing which the missionaries are only charged three copecks a verst for a pair of horses, and a kind of passport which insures their travelling about without interference, and enables them to put up at Government offices, if there be no other shelter, and to have the help of the mayor or magistrate in case of necessity. The expenses of these pastoral visits must, therefore, be met either by the poor people who send for them, or by the priests themselves, and in Father Gromadski's case they almost always came from his own pocket.

The following is a description of a night journey from the town of Kamisk to a distant village: "One day I had a sick-call to an exile of a very urgent nature. As the road was so bad and the distance so great, I took three horses harnessed tandem-fashion. On the first sat a Kalmuk, a second one sat on the box, and squeezed in behind me in the sledge was a small boy whom I had taught to serve Mass. The cold was frightful, the piercing Siberian wind howled wildly, and a fall of snow covered the steppes as far as the eye could reach. After long battling with the ice-laden wind, and being continually obliged to get out of the sledge to drag it out of the drifts, we came to a dead stop. I asked the coachman, 'Where can we pass the night?' 'I fear we must stop where we are,' was the reply. 'But we shall be frozen to death!' I exclaimed. 'It may be,' he answered. 'But perhaps God may permit us to see the dawn.' There was nothing to be done but to wait. Hour after hour passed. I spoke to my men from time to time, but perceived at last that they were frozen, and did not

reply. I felt I was more warmly dressed than they were, so I forced them to get into the sledge, and I stood by the horses. After another hour or so I asked them if they were still alive. A faint 'Yes' was the reply, but now I began myself to feel the result of the exposure to such awful cold, and to realize that I could not last long if I remained where I was. I determined to go on foot, saying to the men that 'perhaps God would give me strength to reach some human habitation,' and asked the coachman if he could, to tell me the direction of the village for which we were bound. He did so, but added that it was twenty versts from where we were. I, however, resolved to try. It was the only way of saving us all. But my limbs were numbed, a feeling of exhaustion and drowsiness came over me. I made a vigorous effort to throw it off, but after a few more steps a kind of hallucination came over me. I seemed to see wonderful palaces and lights, and then I fell down in the snow, and completely lost consciousness. When I recovered, I found myself to my great astonishment in a warm bed, surrounded by kind faces whose eyes streamed with tears. Our Lord had had pity on His poor servant. When I was well enough to listen, I was told how I had been saved. At dawn a peasant from the very village to which I was bound was obliged to go some distance on business of his own. All at once he saw something black lying on the snow, and said to himself: 'In the evening when I come back, I will go and see what it is.' Then an undefined but strong feeling urged him to go and look at once. He went and found that the black mass was a man almost frozen to death. It was not a rare sight in those parts. On kneeling down, he found that there was still a little warmth in the body, and so lifting it up into his cart, he resolved to take it back to the village. On reaching it, he met a man standing at his door, who exclaimed, 'What have you got there?' 'A poor fellow I found on the steppes,' was his reply. The questioner going close to the cart to look at the man, cried out, 'Good God! it is my priest!' He happened to be the very sheep I had come to seek. The poor fellow took me into his hut, and with his wife and children did all in his power to bring me back to life. My first anxious inquiry was for my poor servants with the sledge. The villagers had already sent out men to look for them, and found them motionless and unconscious in the same place where I had left them. One of them was

already dead, the other died the next day. The boy who served Mass alone survived, but both his hands had to be amputated, being hopelessly frozen."

This is not the only time that Father Gromadski nearly lost his life as a good shepherd. He was sent for one evening to a dying woman who lived about one hundred and fifty versts from Omsk. The message arrived just as he was about to read the Burial Service over the remains of one of his flock. His friends implored him to defer his journey until the snow had ceased to drift; but he would not listen to any arguments against what he considered his duty. "A dying person cannot wait, a dead one can," was his only answer; and ordering the coffin to be carried into the church, and postponing the funeral till the next day, he started at once on his perilous journey.

"Every one thought me mad," he writes; "but I put myself in God's hands and encouraged by the urgency of the call, in which the salvation of a soul was at stake, I set off on my journey. We had three good horses, but the sledge rocked to and fro like a boat on a rough sea, and we were continually falling into the snow-drifts, while the wind, blowing up clouds of snow in our faces, nearly blinded us. All at once my coachman turned round and said he had lost his way, and did not know what direction to take, adding in a broken-hearted voice: 'I have a wife and child at home whom I shall never see again.' His despair was infectious and my spirits sank, but feeling it was no use giving way, I asked him 'how long his horses could bear such a strain?' 'They are the best horses in Omsk,' he replied, 'and do not know what fatigue is.' 'Do they know the road?' I continued. 'Of course they do,' was his answer, 'for they were bought at the place to which we are going.' 'Have you ever been this way before?' I then asked. 'Yes, very often, but never in such a snow-drift as this. I would not let a dog go out in such weather,' he murmured. I wrapped up the coachman in my fur coat, and drew over myself a mantle made of wool and horse-hair, saying to him: 'Did you ever lose your way before in the steppes?' 'Never,' he replied. 'It has often happened that when the wind was high, I have laid myself down at the bottom of the sledge and the horses brought me safely home. But to-day the wind is too boisterous. It moans as if it were an evil spirit.' 'You believe in God?' I continued. 'Will you not confide in His providence?' 'Yes' replied the poor fellow. 'Then make a

good act of contrition and be heartily sorry for your sins, and repeat after me the prayer I am going to say.' He did so, but then said to me : 'What are we to do? If we remain here, we must die.' 'Drive on,' I replied, 'in God's name, and let us trust in Him.' He whipped up his horses, who started at a quick gallop. All at once the sound of a bell met our ears, and I felt sure a village must be near. 'It is a bad omen,' he exclaimed. 'They are ringing for our death. Oh, must I die far away from those I love, with the snow for my winding-sheet and no other funeral service but the wailing, moaning wind?' I could scarcely restrain my tears at his words, and then without any apparent reason the horses all at once came to a dead stop and stood as if turned to stone. The coachman lashed them, but all in vain : they reared themselves on their hind legs and would not stir. Then he flogged them again, and the poor beasts made an effort to spring forward, but their instinct had told them what we did not know, that we were on the edge of a precipice. The coachman shrieked in an agonizing voice : 'We are lost!' I called on Jesus and Mary, and then felt we were falling from an immense height, when I lost consciousness. On recovering I found we were simply surrounded by walls of snow and that, humanly speaking, there was no escape for us. I made an effort to get up from the crevasse of snow in which I was lying and went to my poor man, who was sitting, sobbing. 'It is no use trying to get out of this,' he said. 'We must resign ourselves to die. May God have mercy on us.' Then he made the sign of the Cross and lay down as if he were going to bed. I tried to rouse him, and implored him to help me to extricate the sledge and to harness the horses to the broken shafts. He did as I told him, but every minute got more drowsy. I saw that one part of the precipice was lower than the rest and at last induced the horses to scramble up that side, while a violent gust of wind driving away the snow, made a sort of road for us. But the cold became more and more intense. I tried to warm my coachman with my breath, but his only words were : 'Let me die quietly.' At last, I began myself to lose hope and recommended my soul to God. Then the words of the Royal Psalmist came to my mind : *In te, Domine, speravi : non confundar in æternum.* The sound of the bells I had heard before now became distinctly audible. I discovered afterwards that it was the custom in those parts to ring the bells during a snow-drift, in order to

direct travellers who had lost their way. The sound gave me courage, the horses also seemed to understand that help was near, and at eleven o'clock at night we arrived at the village. To my intense relief, my coachman was still alive, and with care and attention soon recovered. But I was not yet at my journey's end. My dying woman was in another small town, full seven hours further on. However, the wind had gone down, the stars came out, and I felt quite able to continue my travels. I changed horses and the road being now clear, we reached our destination by six in the morning. You can fancy what the relief to my mind was, when I came into the poor cottage and saw the little altar already prepared. There was no time to be lost. I began instantly to vest for Mass, being almost overcome by the thoughts which crowded into my mind, but with a feeling of intense joy that I was not too late. The poor dying woman could not restrain her tears when she saw me, after having been deprived of the consolation of hearing Holy Mass for twelve years. She begged her nurse to carry her to the foot of the altar, saying it was there she wished to give up her soul to God. During the Holy Sacrifice she sobbed and prayed out loud; but her tears were of joy and gratitude more than of sorrow. My own tears fell thick and fast, feeling what a privilege it was to be able to console so effectually this dying soul. She received Holy Communion with the utmost fervour, and her gratitude and joy more than repaid me for the risk and fatigue I had undergone. I found they were miserably poor, and so left with them all the money I had with me, and then safely returned to Omsk."

But snow and cold are not the only dangers to be met with in Siberia. In another letter to his mother we find the following:

"Having been holding a kind of little mission in the town of Kuzmeck, where there are a good many Catholics employed by the merchants there, I went on to the town of Bijsk. My way lay across the Aksuna Mountains. (*Ak* in Tartar means white: *su*, water.) The scenery is beautiful and like the finest parts of Switzerland. The mountains are very high, and there are magnificent forests of cedar and pine-trees at their base. The road itself is like a splendid avenue in a park, being bordered on both sides by noble trees. The night was clear and fine. We had passed the River Czoryz and entered a dark part of the forest when we came to the post-cart, which had started a little before us and had come to a standstill. 'What

has happened?' I asked my coachman. 'Why don't they go on?' 'The bear will not let them,' he replied. 'Please look!' I put out my head from under the hood of the carriage and saw something big lying in the middle of the road, looking like a heap of dark-coloured hay. 'Is that the bear?' I exclaimed. 'It is,' replied the man. 'Then why shouldn't we drive round it?' 'God forbid!' was his answer. 'She would follow us and tear us to pieces.' 'Will she remain there long, do you think?' I asked. 'Perhaps an hour, perhaps more,' was the reply. This was a pleasant prospect. The horses snorted and stood as motionless as if they had been turned into stone. There was nothing to do but to wait patiently till the bear deigned to get up. In about half an hour she raised herself on her hind paws, growled so loudly that the horses trembled, and then disappeared in the forest. As soon as we thought she was at a safe distance we hurried away, from time to time looking back fearfully to see if she was not trotting after us. When we came to the next stage the coachman was as pale as a sheet and could scarcely speak. It appeared it was a she-bear with two cubs, and what is called a foster-cub, that is, a young bear of a year old, which follows its mother and helps her to take care of, and defend, the younger ones. On hearing our approach the little cubs, terribly frightened, climbed up the trees. The mother and foster-cub stayed on the road to terrify any one who dared to approach or try to pass. If we had persisted, she would have thrown herself upon us and tried to tear us to pieces. They are such powerful beasts that sometimes corpses are found with the hands completely torn off, and this had happened only a few days before, so that I no longer wondered at my coachman's fears. In spite of the delay, the sick man I had started to visit was still living. He received all the last sacraments with the greatest piety and devotion, and soon after his agony began and I did not leave him till he had resigned his soul into the hands of God."

In another letter he writes:

"In May, 1877, I arrived at Bijsk, and there met one of my parishioners, Dr. Michalowski, one of the Government doctors, who told me he was just starting for a journey across the Altai Mountains as far as the confines of the Empire of China. My own way lay in the same direction, as I was going to visit the Catholics who were working in the Government gold-mines at Rudmik Zyryanowski; so that I was delighted to have so

experienced and agreeable a companion. We started accordingly together in a little cart to the village of Ujmor, which lies at the foot of the mountains ; but there we had to dismiss our carriage and make the rest of the journey on horseback. The roads across the mountains are most fatiguing and dangerous, the paths being so narrow and steep, with deep precipices on either side, so that a false step would be fatal. The feeling of duty alone forced me to overcome my nervousness and keep my head clear. The doctor was fortunately a good horseman and had many times made the same expedition. We travelled about one hundred and fifty versts a day, changing horses at every station ; and for resting-places we chose the most sheltered spots under a projecting rock or under a cedar-tree. . . . All at once the streams swollen by the thawed snow overflowed their banks and stopped our way. We had passed the Biallek Mountain, close to which the River Kotumek flows, which joins the River Bija and forms one of the largest of the Siberian rivers. What was to be done? There was nothing for it but to set to work and make a raft ; but when it was finished, we found it was not strong enough to bear our united weight. After a consultation, we decided to leave our horses to swim over, which they are accustomed to do, and very soon we saw them, to our great relief, safely landing on the opposite bank and eating the fresh grass there. But then came the question of how we were to join them? To lighten the weight, we undressed ourselves, made our clothes into an immense bundle wrapped in a waterproof horsecloth, and got on the raft in our shirts, when we began to row with all our mights. The current carried us down the river, and it was only after very hard work that we arrived at the other side. The moment we sprang on dry ground the man who was holding the rope by accident let it go ; and the raft, with one of the men named Fedor, and with all our clothes and provisions slipped away and was carried headlong down the stream. Fedor's companions, with their foreheads touching the ground, began to pray for his soul, feeling sure he would be drowned and dashed to pieces on the rocks in the middle of the river. The said stream wound like a serpent and from time to time, at each bend, we caught sight of the poor raft, until at last it disappeared altogether. Then we asked one another, in perfect despair, what on earth we could do? What should we have to wear, or to eat? There was not a human habitation

near. The only thing was to mount our horses in our shirts and try and push on to our destination. The way was long, the cold great, and there seemed every prospect of our being frozen to death. The one ray of hope was that we might meet some Kalmuks in charge of a herd of horses: so we started off at a gallop up the mountains. After a time, however, I became completely numbed with the cold, my feet continually touched the snow, and I felt every moment as if I should fall frozen from my horse. All at once I heard a voice calling out, *Deo gratias!* It was our coachman, who had sighted a Kalmuk encampment. We joyfully echoed his *Deo gratias!* and in a few moments found ourselves in the midst of the Kalmuks, who received us most hospitably, gave us something to eat and sent off to the nearest village to get some clothes for us. Our party had an official character, for the doctor, though only in his shirt, had kept on his cap with the Government badge. He ordered the chief of the band to send a search-party to see if any tidings could be obtained of the unfortunate Fedor and the missing raft. In the course of a few hours, we saw, to our great delight, the men returning and Fedor with them. It appears that Fedor had not lost heart, but had piloted the raft so skilfully that at one of the bends of the river he had been able to push himself ashore and sprang out with our baggage; so that, thanks to God's good providence, we were once more together, and able to dress ourselves in our own clothes. May His holy Name be praised!"

But Father Gromadski does not limit his zeal to providing for the spiritual wants of his scattered flock. He does everything he can to develop the resources of the country by the cultivation of fruit, the breeding of cattle, and the care of bees. The first was attended with immense difficulties, but he records wonderful successes in the end; apples weighing half a pound, bunches of grapes weighing four pounds, excellent melons, and the like. In this department he was assisted by a M. Wasiewicki, who, after many failures, was enchanted to be able to produce also some fine cherries. Father Gromadski went to visit a model farm on his return from Bijsk, kept by another Pole, M. Matkiewicz, who had seconded him warmly in his attempts at civilization among the exiles. He writes: "M. Matkiewicz devotes all his leisure hours to the study of agriculture. He is also a bee-keeper on a large scale, and does all he can to encourage his neighbours to follow his example. He has besides

a number of Chinese cows, which are very curious beasts, and differ in many ways from ordinary cows. They have no horns, have tails like horses, and long hair which sweeps the ground. They do not low, but grunt like pigs. About the quality of their milk there is a great diversity of opinion. Some say it is thin and watery, others that it has the consistency of cream; but their flesh has certainly a far stronger flavour than ordinary beef. . . . Another important branch of industry is the breeding of a kind of roebuck (*elephas moralis*), the horns of which are in great demand, and always command a good price. The Chinese extract from them a purple liquid, which is not only useful for dyeing, but also as medicine. The Chinese are ready to give ten roubles (equal to eighteen or nineteen shillings English money) for every pound weight of these horns, and one of the peasants in the village of Ujmorr made annually between four and five hundred roubles in this way. I did all I could to encourage the breeding of these animals, feeling in this, as in all the other attempts we have made, how necessary it is for the moral state of these poor exiles to give them fresh interests, and prevent their sinking into hopeless despondency. . . . From Ujmorr I went to visit the villages on the Chinese frontier, where many Catholics live. My road wound along the banks of the Koksy River, and is most picturesque, but one must have good nerves to ride along the edge of the frightful precipices and crevasses on either side, some of which are six miles in length, and I confess that I never made this journey without a thrill of fear. The inhabitants of these mountain districts are better off than most of my flock, but one would not guess it from their way of living. However, they were delighted at my unexpected visit, and rejoiced in the opportunity of going to their duties."

But these holy Siberian priests have not only to contend with dangers from cold and hunger, floods and wild beasts. Their greatest risk is run in the hospitals and prisons, where typhus fever is always raging. Tomsk is a centre from which prisoners are sent to all the different parts of Siberia. Whole bands of condemned men and women arrive there, and are then classified and sent to their respective destinations. The central prison of Tomsk, and the hospital adjoining it, have been described by many writers, and even by the Government officials as "places not fit for dogs." Prisoners arrive and depart at the rate of one hundred and fifty twice a week, so that the average

number of criminals annually passing through Tomsk is nearly thirteen thousand. Each one remains in the central prison from one to four weeks, a place which is so infected with fetid air that it is almost impossible to avoid catching the fever. Father Gromadski has had it four times, so has Dr. Orzeszko, the devoted doctor. There are three different kinds: the yellow typhus, in which the skin of the patient becomes as hard as wood, and is the colour of saffron; the black typhus, in which the body is covered with black patches, which break out into abscesses, so that the whole person is one sore; and the decaying typhus, when the whole body decays and rots; but all these miseries would be bearable if it were not for want of room. The prison is built to accommodate eight hundred persons; very often two thousand are crammed into it. The hospital has beds and linen for from forty to fifty patients, while it often happens there are four hundred and fifty ill; so that four hundred are compelled to lie huddled together on the floor, at each side of the large ward, a passage being left free in the middle. The poor unfortunate men make a bundle of their clothes, to serve as pillows, and cover themselves with their coats; the little linen they find cannot be called white, for it is black from filth, and very often, on the unwashed stains of putrid matter are found masses of living worms.

The Government is perfectly aware of this horrible existing state of things, but takes no steps to remedy it, or to supply increased accommodation. Probably the authorities fear that any money given for that purpose would find its way into the pockets of the officials, a thing which often happens in Russia. A sum of thirty kopecks is given daily to each sick person, which is supposed to be sufficient for all his wants. When Dr. Orzeszko visits the hospital he is obliged to go on his knees to examine his patients. After having visited eight or ten, he gets up from his kneeling position to stretch himself, gets deadly pale, and then faints, overpowered by the horrible stench. The attendants carry him away, and sprinkle him with water, till he recovers consciousness. "Where am I?" is his first question. Then he recollects and adds: "Oh, it's the visit!" Nevertheless this brave and good man nerves himself to go back again to the fetid ward, and soon the same thing happens. He will often faint three or four times in the course of the morning, and in every case, when, after his daily rounds, he ventures home, he is so pale and exhausted, he can scarcely stand. When a

dying man wishes to see the priest it is never refused, but when the poor priest comes he is obliged to lie on the floor to hear his penitent's confession, there being only just enough space between the patients for a man to place himself. The man on the other side is often delirious, and spits and vomits over the priest. At such moments it is only the remembrance of our Lord's humility and His great love for man, which enables one to overcome one's natural repugnance. Holy Communion must often be given direct from the pyx hanging round the priest's neck, and only very rarely can a little temporary altar be arranged at the foot of the bed. A great many of the exiles have their wives and children with them, and it often happens that the parents die, leaving three or four little ones behind them of tender age. Father Gromadski writes: "I am sometimes almost in despair when I think of these poor orphans. For twelve long years I have made constant appeals to the faithful in other lands to help me; but my voice is weak and cannot make itself heard in the distance. It is only with the greatest difficulty that I can keep my school going. . . . The maintenance of an orphanage would require a capital of from six to nine thousand roubles, but if I could only get the money to build one, I feel God would help me to maintain it. I tried the plan of boarding out the orphans in families; but it was a failure. The money (to give which I had deprived myself of necessities) was used by the people for their own purposes, and the poor little children were starved. Such an asylum could also be used for the dying. The law orders that when a man is ill, and has no family to look after him, he should be sent to the nearest town and lodged in the hospital. In order to avoid the expense of transporting him, sometimes some hundred versts distance, the poor sick man is lodged for a day or a night in different peasants' huts; so he is daily carried from hut to hut till he dies, and in winter they are often moved through forty degrees of frost, which kills them. As a rule these single men are all Poles. I was sent for once to one of them who was dying, and found him laid by the door with a piercing cold wind blowing on him. The warmest corner is never given to these poor fellows, and they often have to suffer blows as well as neglect. Happily on this occasion I had a few roubles with me and thus could persuade the peasant to move him to a more comfortable corner of the hut, and to let him die there in peace. . . . The self-sacrifice and untiring labours of Dr. Orzeszko are

beyond all praise. There is no place too poor or too dirty for him to visit in the cause of charity. I have seen him crawling on all fours into some of the hovels, and all he earns he gives to the poor and needy, so that his name is known and blessed throughout Siberia."

We will now turn from the sad subject of the prisons to give another touching extract from one of Father Gromadski's letters regarding a young couple whose happiness he was able to secure.

"In 1876—7 there was a great Nihilist rising in Russia. In general the Poles kept aloof from such conspiracies; but sometimes here and there, those that had been educated in Moscovite schools, allowed themselves to be drawn into the Nihilist ranks. Among these was a young lady, who was arrested and thrown into prison. There she made acquaintance with a Jewish gentleman, who was also implicated in the affair, and they fell in love with each other. His religion, however, was an insuperable barrier, till the Jew made up his mind to become a Christian, having been taught the truths of our holy religion by the fair Nihilist. But now a grave difficulty arose. In Russia no convert can be baptized or received into the Church without the express permission of the Minister of the Interior. The Jew wrote asking for the necessary leave, but received no answer, and in the meantime his sentence arrived which transported him to East Siberia, near Irknek, while his betrothed was to be sent to Kainsk, a place several thousand kilometres nearer the civilized world. The sentence was immediately carried out and the young couple found themselves together on the road leading to their respective places of exile. The convoy halted some days in Moscow, and the Jew took the opportunity to see a Catholic priest and again sent a petition to the Home Minister, but in vain. Heavier and heavier grew their hearts; the most severe punishment awaited them, and their one hope of being allowed to bear it together seemed fading away. If they were once married the wife would be allowed to follow her husband; but how could this be brought about? So they arrived at Tomsk and came to me. I was very much touched at the Jew's earnestness, and at once telegraphed to the Minister, but without success. The story came at last to the ears of the Governor of Tomsk, an unusually kind and humane man, who also telegraphed to St. Petersburg. Meantime the moment came for the poor Jew's departure,

and in the greatest despair he parted from his betrothed. But Almighty God is good, and their faith in Him was rewarded. A few days after the Jew's departure from Tomsk the long-desired permission arrived. But now fresh difficulties arose. The young lady was to be sent to Kamisk, and from thence she might forward a petition to the Government to be taken eastward. But even if granted, the expense of her journey, and that of two policemen to accompany her, would have to be borne by herself; while the Jew would equally be obliged to pay for sending for the Catholic priest, and neither of them had any money! The only solution of the difficulty was for the Governor to give me leave to take the poor girl with me and to start as quickly as possible so as to overtake the Jew on the way, receive him into the Church, and marry them at the first halting-place. It was the worst possible season for such a journey: long nights, rain, cold, and almost impassable roads. But nothing deterred this poor young lady, for whom there was universal sympathy. The Governor was most kind, gave the desired permission, and, to facilitate our journey, ordered one of his own Cossacks to accompany us, whose special duty was to see to the changing of horses and to prevent unnecessary delay; he also furnished the exiled lady with warm rugs and cushions, as well as the necessary provisions. We set off accordingly in spite of the dreadful state of the weather. The strong Cossack, inured as he was to the cold, said to me afterwards that if it had not been for the whiskey he drank he could not have endured the fatigue. My courage almost failed me several times, and all the more as my poor little companion fell ill, and lay motionless and almost lifeless at the bottom of the sledge. At the different changes the Cossack was obliged to carry her from one carriage to another. 'Will our young lady die?' he asked me anxiously every time, and I began to be seriously uneasy at her condition. But every time I asked her if she would stop and rest, she only replied in an almost inaudible voice: 'Oh, no; let us go on!' So on we went, and on the fifth day after our departure from Tomsk we overtook the band of prisoners. The officers in charge were struck with astonishment when they found that the Governor had had the courage to entrust a person politically compromised to a Catholic priest instead of the police; but the Governor's letter was plain and explicit, so that they had no right to refuse what he ordered. The result was most satisfactory: the Jew was

baptized and received into the Catholic Church, for I found that he had been thoroughly instructed in the faith. His joy and thankfulness were touching to see. The young lady had been to her duties before leaving Tomsk, which was a great relief to me, for the Nihilists in general are ready to deny their faith and renounce their families for the sake of their fatal political opinions. She now went again to confession, and both she and her betrothed came to Holy Communion; after which I married them. The happy couple were allowed a few days' rest, and were then hurried on to their place of banishment, ready to endure any amount of hardship or suffering now that it could be borne *together*. The former Nihilist is now an honest, good woman, and both have done their best to redeem their past lives. My journey back to Tomsk was uneventful and I joyfully reported the success of my mission to the Governor. This excellent man, seeing the spiritual wants of the Catholics in that limitless part of the world, petitioned the Government to appoint two extra priests in the Tomsk district, who have been sent to Kainsk and Maryjsk."

The allusion in this letter to the lack of priests makes us pause for one moment to consider under what difficulties a missionary labours in Siberia, and how little communication he can hold with his Bishop. We hear of Vicars Apostolic in the far-off East, and Bishops in all parts of Australia. When shall we hear of the Hierarchy being established in the Siberian portion of God's vineyard? or that at least a coadjutor Bishop were appointed to the Metropolitan at St. Petersburg, whose jurisdiction extends beyond Kamschatka! The link between him and his priests gets loosened; it is quite impossible to obtain dispensations when they are required, so that many Catholics live and die without the sacraments. There is no one to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation, the relations between Bishop and priest becomes more and more strained and difficult—difficult for the faithful, but a hundred times more difficult for the priests, who carry all the burden of responsibility without any advice, help, or support from their chief pastor.

This need was terribly felt by another most holy Siberian priest, Father Szweremicki, who writing on this subject, says: "Siberia is always Siberia, not only from a physical, but also from a moral point of view. A man is exiled there, strong in faith and hope and zealous for God's glory. In spite of himself,

by degrees a feeling of coldness creeps into his soul ; he begins to feel himself affected by the atmosphere of indifference with which he is surrounded. He becomes, as it were, petrified ; and being shut out from all intercourse with men of his own standing, he becomes more and more reserved. Dreadful as this is for the moral health of an ordinary man, how much worse is it for a missionary priest ! He is generally entirely alone ; he has no Superior to watch over, console, strengthen, or admonish him. He is answerable to no one for his actions, except to his own conscience. The immense distances and the extreme difficulties of communication in this country put a barrier between him and his Bishop which it is almost impossible for outsiders to realize. Pray much for the labourers in Siberia. What holiness of life is necessary for one whose special mission it is to console and strengthen his brethren, when perhaps he is himself so greatly in need of those two things ! With what a chaste body and pure soul must he approach the Source of all Purity, to draw the necessary grace to fortify the souls of those wavering in the faith or wearied by suffering ! Do not forget us in your daily prayers, but beg of God to give us true evangelical zeal."

Before concluding this article, we will give one more extract from Father Gromadski's letters, in which he mentions the terrible famine in the winter of 1891. "Business compelled me," he writes, "to go to St. Petersburg, but I hurried back by Llotoust, Ickaterynburg, and Tiumeni, from which last place I had still fifteen hundred versts to go along a bad sledging road. The sights on the way were most sad, the inhabitants had fled before the famine ; in villages where there had been three hundred families, only fifteen or twenty had remained, and hundreds had died. Owing to the scarcity of hay, their horses had been killed for the sake of their skins, so that I had to pay dearly for those I needed for my sledge, and sometimes could not get any fresh ones even for money. Another thing which added to the dreariness of the Tobolsk district was the devastation caused by the locusts. They had literally eaten up everything which the sun had not burnt. A ton of hay which generally cost fifteen to twenty kopecks, was then worth ninety-six roubles. . . . After leaving Ickaterynburg, I stopped in Talice, where I was hospitably received by M. Paklenski, and in whose house I spent Christmas, much to the joy of the Catholics ; as although, from time to time, a priest comes from

Permu, no one remembered ever having had the joy of assisting at Holy Mass on Christmas Day. While there, I had an attack of influenza, and was most thankful to have had it in that hospitable house. Had I fallen ill at a poor station I should have died ; but surrounded as I was with every care and with good nursing, I pulled through.

"The day after New Year's Day I went to Tiemenu, where my arrival was awaited with impatience by the large Catholic population. I was obliged to remain there for more than a week, heard the confessions of more than two hundred persons, baptized many children, and administered the last sacraments to two dying persons. Then I went on to Jarutolow, where I was welcomed and lodged in the house of M. Paklenski's steward, and did the same thing as at Tiemenu. From thence I travelled to Tinkalinsk, where forty or fifty people came to their duties, and many babies were brought to be baptized. Then I went to my old parish of Omsk, where I spent a week, as I had to arrange several matters in connection with the church, and also to revisit my old parishioners, who received me with the greatest kindness. I saw the church which I had built twenty years before, and the trees round it which I had planted with my own hands, and which were now as high as the church. I had also to fulfil the duty of praying for the souls of many of my old flock who had died. From Omsk I returned to Tomsk through Spas and Kanisk, holding services and hearing confessions in every place. The cold was most piercing, and I had to travel day and night through forty degrees of frost. . . . The pictures of Our Lady of Good Counsel and Our Lady of Perpetual Succour are hung, beautifully framed, on the walls of the Tomsk Church. I am going to bless them and hang a small lamp before each, that I and my people may pray for help and good counsel in all our undertakings and in all the difficulties of our lives. Do you and the good Carmelites help us with your prayers, which we so sorely need. There is so much to be done on all sides, and we lack both spiritual and temporal aid. I receive continually the most urgent calls from every part of this enormous district, and if I could divide myself in pieces I could not attend to them all. The greatest economy is needed to enable us to live, and yet the demands daily increase. . . . I have begun the Lent services in the church since I came back ; we have two sermons daily, one during Mass and a second after

Vespers. Lenten hymns are beautifully sung before the Blessed Sacrament, after which we have a procession and Benediction.

"Pray that we may not grow faint and tepid in God's service!"

We have quoted this letter almost in full, forming as it does so eloquent a summary of this good shepherd's labours and duties as a parish priest. These simple heartfelt words need no comment. They speak for themselves, and appeal to the hearts of all Catholics for help in his urgent needs. During his long and weary sojourn in Siberia, Father Gromadski's faith has never grown colder, nor his zeal in the service and love of God and his neighbour, less ardent. The words of the Apostle have indeed been verified in his case: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils in the wilderness, . . . in labour and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, besides these things which are without, the care of all the churches."¹

Who knows what will be the future harvest reaped by him on the Siberian snows: or how many sheaves of those scattered ears of corn have been already gathered by him into God's garner?

M. E. HERBERT.

¹ 2 Cor. ix. 26—28.

M. Flammarion on the Last Days of the World.

IN the gradually declining light of certain of the red stars, and in the dark bodies that abound in space, the astronomer sees suns whose vital principle is nearly exhausted, worlds whose life-history is over and for whom time is no more. How long since such stars shone with the brightness of Sirius' white light is not easy to say, but certain it is that they have a past equalling, if not exceeding in brilliancy his present splendour. Moreover, it can be shown that from the white stars there is a gradual light curve passing through yellow and orange down to red, and that our sun has a place on this curve which proves that he is past the meridian of his life and is slowly but surely declining. Earth, too, must die; for everything in nature points backward to a beginning and forward to an end. When earth's life is to terminate and under what circumstances dissolution is to take place, M. Flammarion has described for us in a series of articles which have lately appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*.

He points out that after the Deluge, when men feared that God in His anger was about to destroy the world, there arose a tradition which said that when the end of time should come God would choose another element as the instrument of destruction; that it would be fire, not water, which should compass the annihilation of earth. And this we are told shall take place "when the 1,000 years are expired." Many attempts have been made to determine to what limits these 1,000 years refer. In A.D. 1000, for instance, it was confidently expected that the hour of doom was at hand, and popular terror was great. Men sought the churches, and prostrate in prayer awaited the sound which should summon them to judgment. Raul Glaber writing that same year says: "Satan will soon be loosed as prophesied by St. John, *the thousand years having been accomplished.*" The writer, however, proved mistaken, and the next panic was in 1033. During that year a total eclipse

of the sun took place, and men once more became stupefied with fear. Again the prediction proved false. Yet the tradition that the world was to come to an end by means of some awful catastrophe was perpetuated from year to year, and from century to century. Panic followed panic, and every unusual natural phenomenon, whether dreadful storm or sudden darkness, fiery visitant or fell disease, each in turn became the herald of doom. Time after time did the churches resound to the awful warnings of the preacher, calling on men to take heed and prepare, for the end of time was at hand.

In the twelfth century Europe was terrified by an announcement that all the planets were to be in conjunction. This actually occurred, for on September 15th, they were all found between 180° and 190° of longitude. Arnold de Villeneuve, a famous alchemist, again foretold the last days for 1335, and in 1406 an eclipse of the sun filled men's minds with dismay.

Comets came in for their full share of attention as harbingers of the evil day ; but, though successive erratic visitors caused great excitement, men began to regard them with unconcern, and "they gradually lost their prestige," in spite of the curious conclusion which the astronomer Bernoulli expressed, that "if the head of the comet be not a visible sign of God's anger, *the tail may well be.*"

Few of these panics are likely to recur. Eclipses of the sun, it is true, strike the heart of the spectator with awe ; but knowledge is more widely diffused, their cause is well understood, and any one who can read a newspaper knows to the fraction of a second how long the phenomenon is to endure. Even the predicted deluge is smiled at, and Nature having yielded up many of her secrets has lost much of her power to terrify. There is but one catastrophe, so far as we know, which if it overtake us *might perhaps* precipitate our planet into a seething mass of molten matter. This accident, which though improbable cannot be said to be impossible, is a mighty collision. Even in such an event, destruction is far from certain, and it is not at all unlikely that it would renew rather than destroy.

Should it, however, happen that the earth fell into the sun, or even into any other large body of sufficient mass, it would be swallowed up, lose its individuality, and so effect its own destruction by fire. But if after impact both bodies retain a proper motion, separate and distinct, then the result, while

passing disastrous, would be rather favourable than otherwise, for much lost vitality would be restored.

Such a hypothetical collision is described by M. Flammarion as taking place six hundred years hence between the earth and a comet whose head is sixty-five diameters of the earth, a size unparalleled in the history of astronomy, but not therefore impossible. Of the twenty-fifth century our author draws an extremely clever picture, the colours of which are deepened by imagination's warm glow; and in those days men once more await the end of time. The astronomers of the period have seen the approach of the mighty enemy: its speed has been calculated: its orbit laid down; and men know that in its wake comes their doom. For its path crosses that of the earth, the point of intersection is the exact position occupied by the globe on July 14th, and there is no chance of escape since, when the comet nears this portion of the orbit, it will find the earth there too. The two bodies will collide as if impelled to mutual destruction by an insatiable rage. Consternation becomes general when these calculations are made known. Dreadful scenes harrowing and pitiable take place, and a new reign of terror more awful than any of its predecessors holds sway over men's minds.

On the night immediately preceding the 14th, the sky presented the extraordinary and alarming appearance of being suddenly invaded by an army of meteorites, rendered still more terrifying by reason of the frequent discharges which took place between them. The comet had, so to speak, spread itself over the entire firmament. But the nucleus had a dread motion of its own, seeming as though it writhed and was convulsed with pain.

Immense jets of flame issued from various centres, some of a greenish hue, others red as blood, while the most brilliant were of a dazzling whiteness. It was evident that the sun was acting powerfully upon this whirlpool of gases, decomposing certain of them, forming detonating compounds, electrifying the nearer portions and repelling the smoke from about the immense nucleus which was bearing down upon the world. The comet itself emitted a light far different from the sunlight reflected from the enveloping vapours; and its flames shooting forth in ever-increasing volume gave it the appearance of a monster precipitating itself upon the earth to devour it.

And ever nearer drew the moment when the calamity must take place. As may be supposed, the terror and suspense, the

numbed and helpless feeling that fell upon doomed humanity was inconceivable. Men's hearts were prostrated with sadness, and the silence which characterized these days was the silence of a deep dread and utter desolation. Sleep was unthought of: indeed, to sleep none had the courage, since who could say to what they would awake? The great heat of the fiery mass coming swiftly onwards, and passing the moon's distance, soon made itself felt. The air grew momentarily drier; it became suffocatingly hot, and the result was a burning thirst and a great difficulty in respiration. One sound alone broke the silence, the rattle of the hearse as it bore away fresh victims of this new physical pain or of the extreme sickening terror. The evening of the 14th arrived. The sun set surrounded with unusual magnificence, and the queen of the night rose in full regal splendour. But her dominion had been wrested from her by a terrible usurper, beside whose glare her own light paled to insignificance. Then was seen a conflagration which extended itself over the entire sky. The comet had entered into the shadow of the earth, and though its light was temporarily diminished, this was more than compensated by the lurid fearful hue which it had now assumed. Frequent lightning flashes were seen and a smell of sulphur, due doubtless to the highly electrified ozone, added to the physical horrors which increased each moment. Soon a bluish ring of fire was seen to run along the whole horizon and envelope the earth, and a cry arose, "The earth is on fire!" "The earth is on fire!" This was not the comet's light, but the burning carbonic oxide of the air. Just when it seemed as though nothing more horrible could happen, the heavens opened and a stream of pale greenish flame was poured down on the earth. All who had not yet sought safety now fled to the cellar-ways, but many succumbed to terror or wild delirium.

Fearful as was this visitation, the end of time had not yet come, and this was not the fire which was to destroy the world. The comet brushed the hemisphere facing it, and during its passage the heat from this living moving furnace was intolerable. Nevertheless the danger passed: a refreshing rain came to reanimate Nature, and mankind awoke as from a horrible nightmare. One can readily suppose that events such as these furnished "copy" in abundance for the daily papers; so it was not long till boys with the cry, "Extra Edition," were appealing to the news-instinct of the community. Each town was anxious

to know how far others had suffered. If one may judge from the cries of the newsvendors, there had been damage enough. "*Paris in flames! The cities of Europe destroyed! Rome in ashes!* Here's your XXV. Century! Paper, sir?"

With a sly bit of humour M. Flammarion introduces in the *6th Edition of the XXV. Century* the story of a new island in the Mediterranean formed by the fall of a fragment of the head of the comet. We are gravely and circumstantially given the length and breadth and altitude of the island, and then the pretended news extract goes on to say, that scarcely had it fallen, while yet the sea boiled and foamed round this its newest prize, when an Englishman who providentially was close at hand, landed in a creek and planted the British flag, thus claiming for his country yet one more possession.

The quick transition from the panic-struck inhabitants holding their breath for very awe, and watching the dread event with such hopeless anxiety to the call of the newsboy and the issue of the *Extra Edition*, is both clever and happy. It gives a touch of reality to this brilliant physical romance, and from a dramatic point of view is certainly very effective.

The danger past, men return to the avocations of their daily life, the atmospheric disturbances gradually subside, Nature seems to have breathed into it a quickened vitality, and all proceeds as before the advent of the fiery visitant.

Time goes on, many changes take place, physical, moral, and political: the year A.D. 3000 is reached, and the population of the world has increased to 2,010 millions. This enormous concourse of people no longer know the trouble which began at Babel; they have an international language, English of course, owing to the large influence of the United States and the number and importance of our foreign colonies. Among the nations war is no longer known; the work begun by the Peace Congress had been taken up and carried forward so effectively that the great standing armies which would have gladdened the heart of an Alexander, a Frederick, a Napoleon, no longer existed. But this state of things was not attained till much suffering had been gone through; till the god of war had yearly claimed the sacrifice of millions of victims. But what arguments, what means were resorted to, that kings and potentates were induced to abandon this old-time method of settling their disputes? It was the work of a woman of spirit. Such a one preached a new crusade, and so roused the mothers

of Europe that a league was formed to instil into children an utter detestation of the ferocities and barbarities of war. Especially were the daughters and young maidens of Europe educated to look upon this pastime of kings as degrading to man ; and in a single generation this rational education freed the young from the last taint of barbarism. But the Governments had to be counted with : Ministers of State and Commanders-in-Chief were not found so easy of conversion, and the war expenses still continued an important item in the Budget, feminine protests notwithstanding. Yet victory was to be for the weak, if such an adjective be applicable to the ladies of the twenty-fifth century. When all other means had failed, when education, and entreaty, and protests had all proved unavailing, the winning card was played. Then was formed the *Marry-no-Soldier League* : its members bound themselves by oath never to espouse a man who had worn a sword or borne arms. Of course we in the nineteenth century have only a faint notion of what the valour and determination and union of the women of the future is to be, so it is scarcely to be expected that we appreciate to the full this part of M. Flammarion's articles. But we all know ladies can ostracize those who offend them, and these completely emancipated daughters of Eve, by severely punishing deserters from the League, and sending to Coventry those who refused to be bound by its laws, succeeded in stemming the tide of public opinion. In a few years there was hardly a marriage, since in nearly all European countries every citizen was a soldier.

This brought the refractory Governments to their senses, and Germany, France, Italy, and Austria laid down their arms for ever. Seeing that England and Russia still held aloof, the ladies had indeed worked a miracle. But the disappearance of war was only one of many changes. Bicycles were replaced by the *aéronef* which was worked by electricity : men had a seventh or electric sense and an 8th or psychic sense : the heads of humanity, for some unaccountable reason, had grown larger and their bodies smaller ; and by the aid of the telephonoscope all that took place was heard and seen all the world over. This picture of man as he is to be reminds one not a little of the *Vril-ya* in Lord Lytton's *Coming Race*. They too, like the humans of the thirtieth century and upwards, had skulls the conformation of which differed from ours ; they too derived their food from air, water, and the vegetable world ; with them

likewise was the span of life lengthened and the electric and psychic senses are akin to the *vril fluid*. But all this is amusing fiction which rests on no true scientific basis and is certainly not to be taken seriously. The most valuable parts of M. Flammarion's paper are those which deal with the physical changes that gradually steal over the globe. In the eighty-fifth century water is shown to have the mastery, just as it appears to maintain at the present moment over Mars, and only a few portions of the north temperate regions can claim to be called dry land. But this element being itself fated to destruction has comparatively a brief reign. The ages roll by; earth still exists, but it is dying, and yearly grows more like to the planetary corpse of the moon. And now we reach its last days. There is nothing unusual in the way in which the destiny of the world is finally fulfilled. M. Flammarion adopts the hypothesis usually put forward by astronomers. The cooling stage which set in when our globe was being prepared by the Creator to be the abode of man, has simply to continue. Then water and air will disappear into the crust of the earth and the habitations of men will no longer be known.

The description of mankind in the last days is at once sad and interesting. Sad, because M. Flammarion has apparently failed to see that the last of our race, depicted as totally heedless, if not absolutely ignorant of their future heritage, clinging to life from a mere animal instinct, without succour or hope of succour, abandoned, so to speak, by the Creator, is a picture of man debased lower even than the inferior animals, and one from which the mind turns instinctively. Unintentionally, perhaps, he has placed this hopeless and despairing, because material man, in marked contrast to those ancestors of his whom, earlier in the article, we have seen flying to prayer as to a certain haven, crowding the churches when natural terrors had made them believe the hour of reckoning to be at hand. They, though great their consternation and harrowing their mental sufferings, still possessed a certain and sure happiness, that of hope. But the account is interesting from another point of view. Highly ingenious, not to say very scientific and resourceful, are men in their struggles to extract from nature the sustenance of life. We are bidden to a time when the aqueous vapours of the atmosphere, and the waters of the ocean and seas and rivers, have for the most part entered into combination with the solid parts of the globe. A few rivers remain,

but these are underground, following secret and devious paths, seeking always to escape their inevitable fate as the earth cools and contracts. No longer are there dry lands separated from the water; no longer do mountains and hills lift up their heads above the plains; for long ages of aërial denudation have done their work, and the general level is almost absolutely uniform. The disappearance of the aërial waters had been followed by the clearing of the sky, and the sun, less hot and less dazzling than formerly, shone with a yellowish, topaz-like splendour. The colour of the sky was, therefore, less blue than greenish, and the volume of the atmosphere had greatly diminished. But its density and pressure remained nearly the same, for though much oxygen and nitrogen had already entered into solid compounds, yet the earth's mass had also increased by the yearly falls of meteorites, bolides, &c. A much more dire result of the disappearance of the water-vapours of the atmosphere was the reduction of temperature; for dry air has but small power of conserving heat and retarding radiation. So men were confronted by a problem the solution of which, while it increased hourly in importance, grew likewise in difficulty. How were they to store up the solar rays? The day of course had lengthened, for the lunar tides, which move from east to west, act like a brake on the rotatory motion of the earth, and daily retard it. At the epoch to which we have been directing our attention the day was fifty-five hours long, and the night about equal. Fifty-five hours of sunlight streaming down on a globe shielded only by dry air, was a supply which, if it could be stored, would suffice for men's needs. The power of glass to stop obscure rays, that is, rays which having fallen on a surface, are reflected back, was taken advantage of, and glass houses, veritable traps to catch sunbeams, were set up. Indeed, any one who did not wish to be frozen during the long night, when radiation went on unchecked, was forced to build himself a glass house.

So it comes to pass that in the description of the last days we find two cities, sole surviving centres of civilization, built almost entirely of glass, and situated in two wide valleys of the equatorial regions. Here the inhabitants struggled on long after the cities of Paris, London, Nice, and even Algiers and Tunis, had disappeared, routed, some by water, and others by the ever-increasing paralysis of nature. In one of these cities are three men—two are old, and the third, Omegar, is just

budding into manhood. Each of the older men had, in his own province, consecrated his life to the study and help of perishing humanity. One had been a physician, who vainly tried to save his fellow-creatures from the fatal malady, consumption. Alas! so great were the demands made by the dry air on the lungs, that this fell disease spread with alarming rapidity, and but lately Omegar had seen his mother and sisters fall victims to its merciless ravages. The pale, bloodless faces of his companions seemed to forbode for them a like doom. Too soon it came: the long struggle was over, and Omegar found himself alone. Henceforth he knew that the world's life was of the past, and that the present was ever vanishing like a dream.

This last heir of the human race felt the overwhelming sentiment of the vanity of things. Should he wait for some inconceivable miracle to save him from his fate? Should he bury his companions and share their tomb with them? Should he endeavour to prolong for a few days, a few years even, a solitary useless and despairing existence? All day long he wandered through the vast and silent galleries, and at night abandoned himself to the drowsiness which oppressed him. Sleep brought him the illusion of life.

Joyless indeed must be such an existence and it is scarce surprising that Omegar found it insupportable. Thanks are due to M. Flammarion for so true a description of the terrible void in the materialist's life, who has nothing to look forward to when death draws nigh.

But Omegar does not long remain solitary. In the second city, which is south of Ceylon in a locality once covered by the waters of the Indian Ocean, live Eva and her mother. Thither he journeys, and this small remnant of the race continues to eke out a sustenance yet a while. In the last few centuries men had contrived to live on almost nothing as far as quantity was concerned, and every newly discovered form of food was eagerly seized upon. Naturally, the struggle to maintain the *cuisine* was a highly important one, and to it mankind devoted its best energies. All the same it became more and more difficult to obtain nourishment even in small quantities. What, centuries before, had appeared inexhaustible was now at an end. Water is necessary to vegetable life, and this in turn to the support of animals; so it came to pass that man, strive as he would, being unable to prevent the absorption of water into the crust of the dying earth, was beaten in the

race for life. The sun still shone, but his rays brought little heat: the cold continued to increase: it became less and less endurable. Alas! for the efforts of Omegar, they were foredoomed to failure. Spite of all his ingenuity the chemical system by means of which he derived their food gave out. The underground waters had entirely disappeared, for the earth was now frozen to great depths. When this happened he sought vainly how he might contrive an aërial flight to Jupiter, then fit for human habitation, and finally determined on a diligent search for some spot on earth which might yet have resisted the cold and which would at least afford them a respite. Mounting in an air-ship they set out. Soon they were sailing over regions which had once been fertile and smiling, but now "death and silence and the frozen desert was everywhere." Nowhere could they find the longed for oasis. The earth was indeed dead! During the night they were wafted towards Africa, once torrid, now frigid. Here, while in the vicinity of Egypt the aëronef ceased to work, and its occupants, exhausted more by cold than hunger, gave up hope. They alighted near the remains of the Pyramids, sought out a corner of the ruin and then, side by side, with their faces towards the pitiless desert they awaited death.

With Omegar and Eva ends, not the whole history of our planet, but of man's connection with it. For in all probability, long after the earth has ceased to be habitable, it will have a separate and individual existence. It will still, unless some unforeseen catastrophe happen, go on its unending journey round the sun. The planets may die, the sun itself may lose its vitality and cease to shine, but gravitation must remain till it or matter be annihilated. But why, it may be asked, does Jupiter live after earth? Simply because having a larger initial vitality in his greater mass, he has more transformable energy, for the maintenance of heat and the continuation of a planet's life, naturally speaking, depend on the transformation of energy. The present heat of the sun dwelt potentially in the original nebula, and is kept up in two ways, by contraction of his mass, and by the fall of meteors into it. From what happens on earth it is pretty certain that myriads of meteoric bodies fall into the sun and have their motions converted into heat. It has been computed that the fall of the earth into the sun would supply the waste of a century, and that of Jupiter 30,000 years, while $\frac{1}{100}$ th of the earth's mass

falling annually would maintain radiation indefinitely. At one time this meteoric theory was received as a complete solution of the question as to how solar heat was maintained; but a closer examination brought to light the fact that such a mass as was needed would greatly disturb the paths of comets which approach the sun close enough to go through the meteor swarms, and this to an extent that has not been observed. So while recognizing that *part* of the waste is compensated for in this way, astronomers now turn to the *contraction theory* for the main source. According to M. Flammarion the condensation of the original nebula, even supposing this to have been cold, has produced a heat eighteen million times greater than that which the sun radiates yearly; and the heat emitted by the sun is equal to that which would result from the combination of *11 quadrillions 6 hundred thousand milliards of tons of coal burning at once!* Of this the earth only intercepts a small fraction, one five hundred millionth part.

The constant supply of solar heat by contraction is explained by the continuation of the very process from which, according to the nebular hypothesis, the primary heat arose. As the mass shrinks in cooling, the molecules move towards a common centre; but in so doing their motion is retarded and checked, and thus as much heat is generated as has been lost. We do not see this contraction, for it is relatively so small. If we suppose the sun's diameter to contract one mile in twenty years, it would supply sufficient heat to counteract the waste. Now, so great is the sun's *real* diameter that this diminution would amount to *1 sec. of arc in something like 10,000 years.*

On such calculations as these physicists point to from ten to twenty millions of years as the probable duration of the sun, and to a past of from twenty to forty millions of years. The conditions of this particular problem are, however, too imperfectly known to admit of anything like a near approximation, and there may be facts wholly unknown. As Professor Young says, "It is impossible to assert that there has been no catastrophe in the past, no collision with a wandering star, producing a shock which might in a few moments restore the wasted energy of ages. Neither is it wholly safe to assume that there may not be ways of which we have as yet no conception, by which the energy apparently lost in space may be returned, and burned-out suns and run-down systems restored: or if not

restored themselves, be made the germs and material of new ones to replace the old."

After depicting the sun cooled down to congelation, with a phosphorescent atmosphere illumined by countless other stars, a flora and a fauna each in itself a marvel, M. Flammarion goes on to foretell the hour when the whole solar system is to be stricken from the Book of Life. Other suns and their attendant worlds obey the same inexorable laws, they live, attain the summit of their glory, and then "their little life is rounded with a sleep."

But he is far from conceding to nature an endless and absolute repose. The old darkened sun speeding with his planets through space, another similar system, a collision between them, a stupendous conflagration, and lo! an enormous gaseous nebula is formed which moves onward into unknown regions. Thus all the materials of earth, water, air, all that once formed part of the earth, all is changed into and destroyed by fire.

The Christmas Rose.

A LEGEND OF BETHLEHEM.

'Tis midnight and the Shepherds crowd
Beside the Crib where Jesu lies ;
Their knees are bent, their heads are bowed,
To Heaven their simple souls arise.

In eager hands their gifts they bear ;
But one alone outside hath stayed ;
She has no gift, she does not dare
Approach, poor little shepherd-maid !

The leaves are dead, no flowers blow,
Ah ! would it were the time of spring !
She weeping looks across the snow,
While high above the *Glorias* ring.

His aurëoled head an angel bends,
And sees where falls her silent tear ;
Then swift, on azure wings descends,
And strikes the ground with golden spear.

He strikes, and lo ! from 'neath the snow
Green leaves have sprung and flowers of white,
With at its heart a golden glow,
Like some lost beam of summer's light.

The maiden plucks the flower, her feet
Go back in haste where Jesu lies,
The raptured face is bent to meet
The smile that shines in Jesu's eyes.

And Jesu stretches out His hands,
The baby hands the world that sway,
They touch the child that near Him stands,
They touch the flower and round it play.

O little maid! O little flower!
O lowly things that win God's love!
He blessed you both that Christmas hour
While high the *Glorias* rang above.

FRANK PENTRILL.

Dr. Pusey.

IF any one will take the trouble to examine the engravings of church interiors published some fifty years ago, in architectural works or guide-books, whether the church be in the high-pewed stage, or undergoing what was then deemed restoration, one feature is almost inevitable. To break the straight line of seat or altar-rail, a simple surplice is sure to be flung across them, as though such were the natural place for it, nor could any one mistake the edifice for anything but what it is, one belonging to the Anglican Establishment. Now take the photographs or engravings of churches in our own day; of the reredos of St. Paul's, of almost any modern interior as found in the average shops; of St. Saviour's, Leeds, as shown in Dr. Pusey's *Life*; and a close scrutiny is needed before the eye and mind determine whether the church be Catholic or Anglican. There are banners against the walls, there is an altar, with candles and flowers, and it needs some care to discover whether this be surmounted by a simple cross or a crucifix. A surplice, if it be worn at all, would not be left upon the altar-rails, but hung carefully in the vestry; the clergyman would as likely as not be pleased if he were mistaken for a priest, which indeed he would probably claim to be, if he were interrogated on the subject.

The change in outward semblance marks that which distinguishes the inner life of Anglicanism now from the same thing fifty years ago; it was mainly brought about by some half-dozen men, the most prominent being Dr. Pusey, the first half of whose life is told in the volumes here before us. The chief agent, however, if less seen, was Mr. Keble. Dr. Pusey mentions that some man in the stress of the Oxford movement burnt the *Christian Year*, as *fons et origo mali*, and we all know that Cardinal Newman dated the rise of the new teaching from Mr. Keble's Assize Sermon in 1833. The Cardinal, too, in a

¹ *Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D.* By Edward Parry Liddon, D.D. London, 1893.

famous review of the *Christian Year*, pointed out the poetic aspect which that book had given to the forms and observances our fathers had accepted as prose, and he recognized that the Establishment even then wondered at *novas frondes et non sua poma*.

But Pusey's was the hand men saw, Pusey's was the name the public outside Oxford attached to the new party, the record of his influence was wanted to enable us to gain a complete understanding of its genesis and its aims.

Canon Liddon did his work well, and those who have taken it up, since it fell from his dying hand, have been loyal to him. Sutures and erasures there must have been, but we do not see them; the book is harmonious and coherent, pleasant reading throughout, and, let it be said at once, it is the record of a good if somewhat muddle-headed man. The account of his outward life, of the few facts in it, would fill but few lines. He was the second son of an English country gentleman, and was on both sides sprung from noble families; he was educated at Eton and Oxford, and then travelled on the Continent, as did all young men in his position. Unlike most of them, he returned to Germany to study theology, and published the result of his labours. Engaged while yet a mere boy, he married the object of his early affections at the age of twenty-seven, and about the same time was ordained and chosen Regius Professor of Hebrew, which preferment brought with it a canonry of Christ Church. In those offices his life was spent, and from his home in the corner of the great quadrangle of Christ Church he stirred the insular world of Anglicanism, as it had not been stirred since, under Henry VIII. and Cranmer, England repudiated St. Peter's supremacy.

Pusey was of the stuff whereof in quieter times bishops were made; to be of good birth or a noted scholar was a desirable quality in a bishop, to have both qualities would have rendered his promotion almost certain, had he not taken up unpopular opinions. He seems to have recognized this himself, when he said how thankful he was that his career had not been rendered more difficult by any such offer. Lawn sleeves are terrible dampers to religious enthusiasm, and the course of English thought might have been different if they had been assumed by any leader of the Oxford school. It is no part of our intention to write here the story of Dr. Pusey's life, or of the movement in detail. That has been done by many. We all

know how, for Newman and those who caught his spirit, the Catholic Church proved the goal to which they had been tending though at first they knew it not. But at an early date they had sundered themselves from Pusey, and it was only the deep personal affection between the two leaders which so long prevented the discernment of the rift. When at last the leaders parted, men like Church and Rogers accepted Pusey's position, while Dalgairns, Faber, Oakeley, Ward went out into the Church, and Pattison and a few others gave up the search for truth, and settling down into philosophic indifferentism, were stung to anguish at times by the remembrance of what might have been. Those who had no part in the movement, but were disciples of those who remained, became the High Churchmen of the present day.

Pusey's followers were not, however, Ritualists. When a statelier ceremonial than of old came in their way, they accepted it, and some were thankful for it, but it formed no part of their programme. The spare stooping figure which we used to see passing vested to the Cathedral on all "surplice days" resembled any Low Church canon, nor when he ministered in Oxford churches did he set any example by wearing the embroidered stoles which were gradually coming into fashion; the broad scarf which canons then wore, and the full surplice were his habit. The surplice in the pulpit was then a badge of party, and Pusey had no objection to preach in a gown, as he often did.

But he raised the tone of the Anglican Church, and tuned the pulpits to very different notes from those which had resounded in them. One note, however, which soon became dominant in Newman's teaching, never, so far as we recollect, sounded in Pusey's. Newman soon began in fact to assert the necessity of Episcopal Orders, and of Apostolic Succession. Pusey had been to Germany, had returned, and from time to time received distinguished Lutheran pastors under his roof, without, as it would seem, any notion that his Orders differed from theirs, or that a Protestant *Church* was in fact a confusion of terms. Nor in his early days did he realize that a string of texts was insufficient to prove a doctrine, that the interpretation of the Bible was the function of the Church, and that the Church was not to be at the mercy of "texts," by whomsoever interpreted. In these volumes, Liddon notices here and there that Pusey would not have said this and that in his later years. Perhaps

not, but he said things then which he did not afterwards unsay or correct; he was a Protestant at the beginning, and he remained a Protestant to the end. He stirred up his co-religionists on certain points, but these were all such as might without undue violence be kept apart from the strictly Roman controversy, about which he is careful to explain that he was wholly ignorant in the early days of the revival.

The first of the Tracts is on the Ministerial Commission, and No. 17, that which immediately precedes Dr. Pusey's celebrated treatise on Fasting, is on the same subject. The succession of the Anglican Church was therefore prominently before the minds of the party, and even then many of them would have considered that the continuity of the Anglican Church was implicated in that of Roman Orders. But in the Tract on Fasting Pusey mentions the "Fathers of our Church," as though the Anglican Church had begun at the Reformation, and, when he speaks of Apostolic Succession, it is to quote a passage from Goethe to the effect that the succession gives to the Romish sacraments a warmth which the Lutheran Church does not possess—a *warmth* it will be remarked, and not an existence. In fact, Pusey always seems to have considered the Lutheran and Anglican sister Churches, and would at no time have spoken, as Newman in his Protestant days did, of Rome as "our sister," even if fallen.

The four great points in which, so far as these volumes show, Dr. Pusey considered himself to be a reformer or restorer, were the Doctrine of Baptism, the Practice of Confession, the Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, and the Restoration of Monastic Orders. He, perhaps more than any other, reasserted, and brought again into prominence, Catholic teaching in regard to the Sacrament of Baptism, and did it so thoroughly that, at the time of the Gorham controversy, many became Catholics because the doctrine of baptismal regeneration was affirmed to be no necessary portion of Anglican teaching. But in doing this great service Dr. Pusey overshot the mark. No teaching on Baptism can be sound which does not include and provide for the Sacrament of Penance, the complement of Baptism; and this was *at first* no part of Dr. Pusey's message. Again, while the Church has already maintained the validity of Baptism by whomsoever administered, even though he be a heretic or a Jew, provided the matter and form be observed, Dr. Pusey's teaching awoke in his wife doubts about her own Baptism,

because it had been administered by a Dissenter. The distressing scruples of this pious and interesting lady were removed by conditional Baptism at Mr. Newman's hand not very long before her death, and many years after she had been a steadfast communicant in the Church of England.

The very high views on post-baptismal sin held by Dr. Pusey led him to think seriously of the need of confession. He, more than any one else, is responsible for its revival in the Church of England. It had, of course, never wholly died out. The Anglican Prayer Book provides for oral confession if the conscience of the penitent be troubled with any grievous matter, and there were always found a few persons ready to inquire whether every mortal sin were not a grievous matter. Laud was, as we all know, confessor to the Duke of Buckingham and several other exalted personages. Hooker confessed to Saravia. The non-jurors had retained the practice. At the same time there could be no doubt that the point chiefly considered by the High Church party was always the unburdening of the conscience rather than the Sacrament of Penance, till Lockhart's historical question to Newman asking whether he had indeed the power to give absolution. Hooker must have known that his friend Saravia had no Orders at all, if Apostolic Succession meant anything, and Pusey never seems to have asked himself the question what powers he had, so long as he could give comfort to the penitent.

That a very large number of men and women found great help from the unburdening of their souls to Dr. Pusey cannot be for a moment contended, nor do we doubt that in some way their souls were benefited, but so is that of the criminal who makes "a clean breast of it" to a policeman and gets no sacerdotal absolution thereby. The Anglican clergymen who heard confessions in those days had to feel their way gently without the careful teaching upon the subject which is given to the youngest priest in Roman Orders, and they made an extraordinary hash of the business. Those Catholics who in their Anglican days were in the habit of going to confession to Dr. Pusey, or to one of his school, will remember the terrors, the scruples, and the difficulties which then surrounded confession, and the feeling of relief when, after reception into the Church, confession was at once stricter and easier, where the confessor knew his way and could direct his penitent, instead

of groping for it together with him as a blind man leads the blind. No one however can doubt that Pusey as a good man did his very best, and that he stretched out, to those who sought him, a fatherly hand which restrained them from many a sin.

Perhaps there was no single matter dearer to the subject of this memoir than the Sacrament of the Eucharist so far as he was able to understand it. For his great sermon on, "The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to the Penitent," he was suspended from preaching in his own University. Three years afterwards, he found that his doctrine both on the Eucharist and on Penitence had so completely penetrated the minds of men that he was able to take up his teaching at the precise point where he had stopped, and no man forbade him. At the same time it is clear to whoever will read these volumes that he had never even touched the fringe of Catholic doctrine when he makes so great a grievance of what he calls "the denial of the cup to the laity." He does not see that this is merely a matter of Church discipline, that Christ is received whole and entire under either species as under both, that the priest's action who receives both kinds is all that is necessary to complete the Sacrifice. He never passed beyond the enthusiastic Protestant piety of Doddridge, Watts, or Toplady.

There is much of great interest in these volumes in regard to Pusey's feeling of the necessity of a cœnobitic life, both for men and for women. Several of his visits to Ireland were made in order that he might inquire into monasticism as there existing. He cordially sympathized with Newman's experiment at Littlemore, he tried to carry out something of the same kind in his own house, but so far as we can gather from these volumes, his views were slow in formulating themselves. It was not till about 1848 or 1849, when Miss Sellon established her Sisterhood at Plymouth, that he was able to throw himself thoroughly into the work in conjunction with one whom he seemed to direct, but really followed. The story of the re-establishment of Anglican Sisterhoods remains to be told in the volumes to come. So far as the present volumes go Dr. Pusey had not advanced beyond the standpoint taken up by Laud and by the non-jurors. Their tradition was enough for him. Even while preaching Penance he never seems to have considered that it was a sacrament of the same authority as Baptism or the Eucharist. That Orders was a sacrament essential to the Christian ministry, could not have been held

by one who considered his Lutheran friends as clergy, while Extreme Unction never came within his mental vision. He was a Protestant pure and simple, borrowing from the Church such high doctrines as he could assimilate, and he was perfectly content to put the rest aside.

These volumes leave nothing to be desired as the record of the life of a good and holy man. His alms-deeds were beyond measure generous, many of them unknown till now. He built St. Saviour's Church, Leeds, in the name of a penitent, nor allowed even Dr. Hook, then Vicar of Leeds, to know whose was the hand that gave. We lay down the book feeling sure that here was a man to whom great grace was given, and we may thank God, in Hooker's words, that "God does not tie to sacraments the grace that He gives through sacraments;" but in so far as Dr. Liddon holds up to us Pusey's life as that of a Catholic priest, perhaps the example is rather "what not to be, than what to be." It is a history of one who strove to prop up a falling building, and was wounded by many of the stones as they fell, who tried to put a new face on that which was mouldering within, who was deservedly honoured indeed in his day, but must pass and be forgotten, as are those who have given names to many other sects, foundering and to founder, while the bark of Peter rides the waves.

Christ in Modern Theology.

III.

INSTEAD of advancing beyond page 190 of Principal Fairbairn's work, we will once more abide within our original limits, and take another example of what we maintain to be the misleading insufficiency which characterizes his treatment of great questions. This time it is the Christian priesthood that is in question, a subject certainly of vital importance, stoutly defended by the Catholic, and as stoutly attacked by the Protestant. "Massing priests, or no massing priests," there is a standing controversy between the two systems. Our author makes no pretence to be an Anglo-Catholic; sacerdotalism he repudiates most outspokenly, without loop-hole left or desired for future escape out of the boldest of his denials.

A Catholic, clear only in his own faith, is often unaware how much his beliefs about the Mass are misunderstood by his Protestant brother, who in his turn is ignorant how little his objections are seen from his stand-point by a Catholic. Consequently, with a view to a mutual explanation, we need to say a few words whereby something may be done towards removing misconception or prejudice, and perhaps towards gaining a little friendliness for a cause which is often treated in the spirit of almost blind hostility. And first, it is in place to observe how, while an atheist from his principles can, a Christian from his cannot, refuse to recognize that after all the question of the Catholic priesthood is one of fact, whether the Founder of our religion did or did not establish in perpetuity a truly sacerdotal order. Priestly powers containing in the conception of them nothing intrinsically repugnant may, God so willing, be given by Him; and if they are bestowed, then the men using them will be simply ministers of grace, not its prime causes, and not necessarily holier than their flock, though of course to aim at such pre-eminent sanctity is a grave obligation. Nearly all agree that the merits of Christ's

redemption do not come *ipso facto* to every man simply because he is of the redeemed race; for an application of them is necessary in which the recipient, if he is an adult, has something to do; and on the sacerdotal theory, his fellow-man also has in many instances something to do as God's agent in the distribution of certain divine favours. What no Catholic teacher affirms is, that a Mass will justify the sinner who does not repent and make purpose of amendment; or that it will take from temptation all its force, and render the path of virtue irresistibly pleasant; or that it will stand in lieu of the painful duties to pay debts, to restore calumniously injured reputations, to enter into a reconciliation with an enemy, and to give up a course of grievously wrong slothfulness. Except in the example of infant baptism, where inability to act is sufficient excuse for doing nothing, there is no instance in which, proximately or remotely, he who would receive, efficaciously to his own sanctification, grace through a priest's hands, has not himself to co-operate in some fitting way. If the priesthood itself is a power which a man is enabled validly to receive and exercise while remaining in sin, thereby he is not unduly favoured, for he only injures his own soul while he benefits the souls of his neighbours. It was Luther who taught an immoral kind of vicariousness, when he said that the sinner, remaining in his bad habits, might be justified by the extrinsic merits of Christ: in the Catholic Church neither unworthy adults are given hope of Heaven solely from the vicarious action of their priests, nor priests solely in virtue of their office.

Yet enormous gain may be derived from the priest, in whose ministrations we have next to show that no injury is done to the one High Priest and Mediator, Jesus Christ. The single Sacrifice of the Cross was all-sufficing; and as far as satisfaction and merit are concerned, all the Masses that ever are said can be but sacrifices relative to that one, having from it all their essential value. If under one aspect the priest acts vicariously for the people, under another aspect he acts vicariously for Jesus Christ, being the dispenser of His bounty, in His Name, with His delegated powers, and in subjection to all the conditions of the trusteeship settled by Him: so that while it would be sacrilegious to make pretence of having such a commission where it had not been given, on the supposition that it is given, no injury to Christ's unique position is done by the terms of the ministry which He has appointed. Granted

the priesthood, however, it does not follow that lay persons can never speak immediately to God nor He to them. Covenanted graces do not shut out uncovenanted, except so far as occasionally they impose conditions that will not be dispensed with: and besides, there is a covenant to hear private, unofficial prayer. Clearly the prayer of the priest for the layman no more excludes the prayer of the layman for himself than the material elements in the Mass and in the sacraments are exclusive of internal movements of the soul—of “worship in spirit and truth”—of spiritual sacrifices represented by no outward victim. All that is substantially good in non-priestly worship is left to stand side by side with the priestly.

But the last utterance needs the correction of a qualifying statement. All Christians are priests: there is no non-priestly laic in the Church, and yet there is a laity distinct from the clergy. The apparent contradiction here calls for explanation. As to the universal priesthood, it follows from the incorporation of all true Christians in Christ's Mystical Body, of which He is the Head, they the members. As He is a Priest, they, by their connection with Him, participate in His dignity. We are not engaged in unfolding the doctrine of Scripture on the Christian priesthood; but lest we should seem to be trying to hide out of sight what we are often accused of wishing to conceal, we say openly that rich as is the witness of Old and New Testament combined to our sacerdotalism, yet in the latter volume, as far as plain, explicit assertion goes, the declaration of the common priesthood is more simple and direct than is that of the peculiar priesthood of those whom we call *κατ' ἐξοχήν* priests.¹ The Fathers, agreeably with the inspired writers, teach from the earliest times that all are priests. But the common priesthood does not exclude the special, any more than the diaconate excludes the priesthood, or the priesthood the episcopate. While some men are deacons only, others are at once deacons, priests, and bishops.

It will hardly be denied by a Christian that there was a Jewish “clergy,” if not known exactly by that name, yet in the reality which it denotes. The tribe of Levi had no region of the promised land assigned to them: they had no *lot* like the other tribes, because God was their *lot* or *cleros*:² yet the whole people, as elect of God, were His *lot* or *cleros*,³ being at once

¹ 1 St. Peter ii. 5, 9; Apoc. i. 6; v. 10; xx. 6.

² Deut. x. 9. ³ ix. 29, iv. 20. Septuagint version.

cleros and *laos*, clergy and laity. Thus within the wider there was a narrower clergy, within the favoured people a more favoured section, who formed the clergy in the stricter sense. Similarly Israel as a whole was God's son, His first-begotten, His well-beloved,¹ but not that first-begotten Son whom Solomon typified when it was said about Him in His figurative character: "I will be to Him as a Father and He shall be to Me as a Son." Indications such as these are enough to show, without a lengthened dissertation, how a prejudice against the Catholic idea of the priesthood should give way before the truth; the truth is that we do not, as Protestants suppose, set aside the teaching of Scripture and tradition on the general priesthood of all the members of the Church, but acknowledging it, we supplement it with what the same authorities teach of a sacerdotalism higher than is that common to all, constituting not a mere presbytery of elders or of men in honour, but a genuine priesthood in *hieratic* as well as in *hierarchical* order.

One further remark may be added with a view to disarming prejudice. The condemnation of the abuse to which a sacrificial worship is liable is not fatal to the whole system, not even when, as is common in Scripture phraseology, the form in which the disapproval is given, neglects to guard itself with the qualifying terms that must be supplied in order to a right understanding of the utterance. Thus in Jeremias we read: "I spoke not to your fathers and I commanded them not, on the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning the matter of burnt-offerings and sacrifices; but this thing I commanded them, saying, Hearken to My voice, and I will be your God and you shall be My people; and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well with you."² Not less the "critics" who are resolved upon drawing from this passage a proof that the Jewish priesthood was no Mosaic institution, than the Protestants who argue from it against the Sacrifice of the Mass, do violence to the words by a narrowness of interpretation. It is clear from earlier verses that the Jews were taking refuge in their Temple sacrifices against God's wrath impending over them for the idolatrous abominations in which at the same time they were indulging; and God would not have His Temple with its altar thus turned into a "den of thieves." Hence He called their attention to what was primary in His covenant whereby He

¹ Exodus iv. 22.² Jerem. vii. 22, 23.

constituted them His "peculiar people,"¹ "a priestly kingdom and a holy nation;" and the primary thing was that they should keep His commandments, which, as far as the Decalogue goes, say nothing of sacrifice, but introduce this highest rite afterwards as a completion of the whole religious system.² In the like spirit, the Catholic Church holds obedience to God's law to be fundamental, while it finds a means to such obedience in the Sacrifice of the Mass, which, moreover, glorifies God in addition to the help it lends to man in the working out of his salvation. Therefore the sacrifice is of precept, but can be rendered pleasing from the side of the Christian offerer only by the observance of other precepts concerning right conduct, which God calls "hearkening to My voice, and walking in all the ways that I have commanded you."

The above stands as preface to the examination which we are about to make of a passage from Principal Fairbairn's book. "The Apostolic usage," he says, "survives in the Apostolic Fathers, though they have no very clear consciousness of what it involved. The episcopate in Ignatius has a high political or congregational significance, but no sacerdotal. His bishop is no priest, and to him *θυσιαστήριον* and *ναός* are alike spiritual. This was the more remarkable, as the priesthood of the Old Testament was early used as a standard of comparison or ideal of the order that ought to be realized by the ministry of the New, which yet is not invested with priestly character or functions.³ In the *Διδαχή* the prophet has displaced the priest. The apologists labour strenuously to explain how Christianity, though without the sacerdotalism characteristic of the then recognized worships, is yet a religion; how its temples, altars, and sacrifices are all inner and spiritual, its incense the secret prayer and the pure conscience, its statuary the new man with his graces and virtues, its adornments or priestly vestments, his temperance, courage, wisdom, piety.⁴ To Justin Martyr Christians were the true high-priestly race; they offer the sacrifices well-pleasing to God, the prayer and thanksgiving which He loves to accept when offered by the worthy.⁵ With Irenæus the sacerdotal dignity is a portion of the just, and the sanctified heart, the holy life, faith, obedience,

¹ Exodus xix. 5-8.

² Exodus xxiii.

³ Clemens, i. 42, 43, 44.

⁴ *Contra Cels.* viii. 17, cf. vii. 62; Minuc. Felix, *Oct.* 8, 10, 32.

⁵ *Dial.* 116, 117; *Apol.* i. 13, 67.

righteousness, are the sacrifices God loves.¹ There was a distinction of offices, but no sacred order exercising their functions by virtue of some inalienable grace. The Eucharist was congregational, it was a common meal and a collective thanksgiving, not a sacrifice dependent on officials for its efficacy."² Against such a summary we are not undertaking to prove the Christian priesthood; our attempt is the humbler one of inquiring whether propositions so absolute in their denial, so positively exclusive of sacerdotalism, form a fair statement of the earliest evidence among the Fathers concerning the Christian ministry; and we will start from the last sentence, because in justification of it one of the authors cited is St. Clement of Rome, who chronologically comes first in the list of the witnesses called to give evidence.

(1). St. Clement of Rome is not named by Principal Fairbairn in the text, but his authority is quoted, along with others, in note 5 at the foot of page 103, where it is appealed to as a voucher for the statement that in primitive times, "there was a distinction of offices, but no sacred order exercising their functions by virtue of some inalienable grace. The Eucharist was congregational, it was a common meal with a collective thanksgiving, not a sacrifice depending on officials for its efficacy." For the sweeping negations in this proposition, as far as St. Clement is concerned, only a brief chapter of his appears in the references, and that is a chapter which manifestly, whatever else it does, does not contain the strong denial which is forced upon it without a single word of justification. We are simply told to look for ourselves at 1 Cor. x. 41. To it we will certainly have recourse, but it is best to begin with an observation on the general style of the Epistle. Probst, in his *Liturgie der drei ersten Christlichen Jahrhunderte*,³ has laboured to show how very liturgical in form the letter of Clement is; a conclusion which Lightfoot thus accepts:⁴

Nor is it alone in the concluding prayer that the liturgical character of Clement's language asserts itself. The Litany at the close is only the climax of the Epistle, which may be regarded as one long psalm of praise and thanksgiving on the glories of nature and grace. Before the discovery of the lost ending, discerning critics had pointed out the

¹ *Strom.* vii. 7, § 36. Cf. iv. 25, ii. 18, *Pied.* iii. 12, for the sacrifice which is acceptable to God; *Strom.* v. 11.

² Pp. 102, 103.

³ Pp. 39—62.

⁴ *Apostolic Fathers*, vol. i. p. 386.

resemblances of language and of thought to the early liturgies, even in the then extant portion of the Epistle. At an early stage, before he enters upon the main subject of the letter—the feuds in the Corinthian Church—the writer places himself and his readers in an attitude of prayer, as the fittest appeal to their hearts and consciences. He invites his correspondents (29) to “approach God in holiness of soul, raising pure and undefiled hands to Him.” He reminds them that they are an elect and holy people. As the special inheritance of the Holy One (30), they are bound to do things pertaining to holiness (*ποιήσωμεν τὰ τοῦ ἁγιασμοῦ*). This mode of expression is essentially liturgical. Again they are bidden to attach themselves to the blessing of God, and to recognize the magnificence of the gifts given by Him (31, *κολληθῶμεν τῇ εὐλογίᾳ αὐτοῦ, 32 μεγαλῦν τῶν ὑπ’ αὐτοῦ δεδομένων δωρεῶν*). The greatness of God’s gifts reminds him of their proper counterpart, our ministrations due to Him by the law of reciprocity. These were rendered under the Old Covenant by the Levitical hierarchy; they culminate under the New in Jesus Christ (32). We must be prompt to render with fervency and zeal every good service. We are made in God’s likeness, and are consequently heirs of His blessing (33). Our ministrations on earth are the copy and counterpart of the angelic ministrations in Heaven. Only the eye and ear of faith are needed (34) to recall the sight and sound of these celestial choirs—the ten thousand times ten thousands of angels crying, “Thrice holy” to the Lord of hosts, “all creation is full of His glory.” Here again we are brought face to face with a leading feature of the ancient liturgical service, the *ter sanctus* as the ideal of our human ministrations. Whether the peculiar combination of Daniel vii. 10 with Isaiah vi. 3, in describing the praises of the heavenly hosts, was borrowed directly from a liturgical form familiar to Clement, I need not stop to inquire, though this seems not improbable.

The special bearing of these liturgical references on our subject is that, besides their close connection as liturgy with the doctrine of the ministry, they introduce us to those chapters which some have tried to reject as spurious, because they are “hierarchical” and “sacerdotal,” but which Principal Fairbairn appeals to in support of his denial of priestly functions. The dispute at Corinth, little as we know of it, we know to have been not a civil, but an ecclesiastical contention,¹ to put down which St. Clement brings in the principle that in Christ’s Mystical Body, the Church, there must be, as in an army, gradation of ranks;² and what constitutes men in the higher

¹ “The very steadfast and ancient Church of the Corinthians, on account of one or two individuals, makes sedition against its presbyters.” (c. 47.)

² 37, 38.

offices has to be gathered, if possible, from chapters 40—45. If among these there can be found, as Principal Fairbairn supposes, the repudiation of sacerdotalism, it is curious that Mosheim should have tried to exclude them, as sacerdotal forgeries, from the genuine Epistle, and that Milman should have branded chapter 40 as “an interpolation rejected by all judicious and impartial scholars.”¹ Passing over the gratuitous supposition of forgery, which Lightfoot despises, we give the passages specially relevant to the controversy as follows:² “Searching into the things which the Lord has enjoined us to do, according to fixed times, we find that by His command there are oblations to be made and services to be performed (τάς τε προσφορὰς καὶ λειτουργίας ἐπιτελεῖσθαι), not carelessly and irregularly, but at appointed seasons and hours. Where and by whom He wants these offices to be discharged, He by His own supreme will has determined, to the end that everything being piously done according to His pleasure, may meet with His approval. . . . To the High Priest were assigned his own peculiar functions, and to the priests was prescribed their place, and upon the Levites are incumbent ministrations proper to them. The layman was bound by lay regulations.” We are keeping well under the mark when we claim that, while in such sentences there is nothing positively to exclude sacerdotalism, there is, on the other hand, much that may be read in its favour, as Milman witnesses when he says:³ “The analogy of the ministerial offices of the Church with the priestly functions of the Jewish Temple is *distinctly developed*.” It is indeed the contention of opponents that early Church services took their pattern, not from the Temple, but from the Synagogue: but if on the most important point St. Clement is against the theory, his testimony should count for very much. We are not concerned to deny that the Synagogue has contributed a part to our ceremonial in Holy Mass; for a Catholic writer, like Bickell, has no scruple in referring to it the style of the *pro-anaphora*, or prayers before the Preface; while he sees in the *anaphora* itself a copy of the Paschal ritual, as furnished primarily by our Lord Himself at the Last Supper, supposing the interpretation of the New Testament to be that Christ on that occasion did keep the genuine Pasch at its proper time. As regards government

¹ *History of Christianity*, vol. iii. p. 364, note 2. Cf. vol. ii. p. 76, note 1 where he says the Epistle “satisfies neither party.”

² 40.

³ L.c.

especially, another Catholic, the Abbé Duchesne, in his *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, after remarking that the settlement of the degree of indebtedness to Jewish models is not controversially so important, because some Church ordinance had to be framed, and necessity would dictate what was fitting, adds that the constitution of the Synagogue seems not to have been uniform with the Jews of the dispersion, or at any rate, uniformity is not clearly traceable by us. And he concludes in general that "our local Churches originally consisted of groups organized on the model furnished by Jewish communities, or at least according to similar exigences." So far, then, from repudiating all connection with the Jews, we are forward in claiming it; for one proof of our sacerdotalism is the prophecy of it in the Old Law. If Moses, without impropriety, might borrow Egyptian rites, surely we may borrow from Moses.

The next chapter in the Epistle is the one to which Principal Fairbairn appeals as quite contradictory of the sacerdotal system. "Let every one of you, brethren, make his thank-offering or eucharist (εὐχαριστέτω) in his own order, living in good conscience,¹ not going beyond his own liturgical rule, observing due decorum. Not everywhere, brethren, are the continual sacrifices celebrated, not everywhere the sin-offerings and the peace-offerings, but at Jerusalem only. And even there it is not in any place that they are offered, but only at the altar before the sanctuary, after the oblation has been carefully inspected by the High Priest and by the ministers previously mentioned. Those therefore who do anything contrary to what has been established by the Divine will, pay the penalty of death. You see, brethren, the greater the knowledge with which we have been favoured, the greater the danger under which we lie." The illustration of the Christian position by Jewish conditions will seem the less strange, if we remember how near to the time of our Lord St. Clement was writing, when sacrificial rites of the Temple were still familiar in the memory. If the fact, that it is the Jewish priesthood which is directly mentioned and not the Christian, deprives us of the simplest form of testimony to the sacerdotalism of the New Dispensation, at least there is strong indirect evidence; while certainly there is not that positive exclusion which Principal Fairbairn assumes. He must allow that the Jewish priests are not introduced for their own sake, but as illustrative of obliga-

¹ Later we will make a note about this recurrent phrase.

tions that are binding on Christians. Perhaps for his interpretation he relies on ἕκαστος ἑμῶν εὐχαριστεῖτω—"let each make his eucharist;" when, however, we observe that it is each "in his own degree," with a prohibition to go beyond his own order, we shall see that the priesthood is rather included than excluded. Again, his reliance may be upon τάγματι, as though the hierarchy were a matter of mere *arrangement*; but there is no warrant for fixing so capriciously upon a single word that has no technical force.

Hence we cannot but regard it as the unconscious bias of his Protestant position which made Lightfoot say: "It is clear that in St. Clement's conception the sanction possessed in common by the Aaronic priesthood and the Christian ministry is not the *sacerdotal consecration*, but the divinely appointed *order*." St. Clement recognizes both elements, as appears from his words and from the admission of Harnack, when commenting on the fifteenth chapter of the *Διδαχή*, he remarks in connection with the words, λειτουργοῦσι τὴν λειτουργίαν: "In the first epistle of Clement, where λειτουργία is a prominent word, he means (1), especially in chapter 41, the already settled order of community worship, and (2) the *peculiar offices of bishops and deacons*, especially δῶρα προσφέρειν, mentioned in chapter 44,"¹ that is, especially sacrificial power, just as we maintain against Principal Fairbairn.

The next chapter confirms the Catholic view while it weakens the opposite; for the Divine appointment of pastors, and their continuance in lineal descent, not indeed of blood, but through valid ordination, are made to appear as facts of primitive doctrine.² "The Apostle came to us with the Gospel message from our Lord Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ came from God, Christ therefore is from God and the Apostles from Christ. Consequently, both missions were in due form and in accordance with the will of God. Having received their instructions what to do, and being filled with assurance by the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Apostles went forth replenished with the Holy Ghost to announce the good tidings that the Kingdom of God was at hand. Preaching through countries and cities, they appointed³ the first-fruits of their labours, after testing them by

¹ P. 58.

² 42.

³ In support of this origin of the hierarchy, Harnack quotes Clement of Alexandria, *Quis Div. Salvo*. 42; Eusebius, *H.E.* iii. 23; Act. Apost. xiv. 23; *Texte und Untersuchungen*, ii. Band. Heft. 1, n. 2, § 147.

the Spirit, to be bishops and deacons over those who were to become believers." Then follows a declaration that these were not new offices, inasmuch as antiquity can be quoted for their names, appeal being made to a professedly Scriptural text which is to be found, more or less correspondingly, in the Septuagint.¹ If the force of the text for the purpose in view is not great, it leaves undiminished the weight of St. Clement's own testimony, with which we are chiefly concerned when we want to show that his letter does not bear out the interpretation of Principal Fairbairn, who would make of him a voucher for the opinions that in the early Church "there was no sacred order exercising their functions by virtue of some inalienable grace," and that "the Eucharist was a common meal, not a sacrifice depending on officials for its efficacy." For though mention is not made of the indelible character of the priesthood—the principle "once a priest always a priest," which Dr. Hatch tries to trace to an accidental, extrinsic origin²—yet it is signified that there are priests in the New Dispensation, who hold their appointment from God, who perpetuate a line having constantly some extraordinary powers, and who offer a real Sacrifice, which may be compared with the sacerdotal offerings of the Old Law. In chapter 45 St. Clement speaks of the jealousies that were aroused against the Mosaic priests till the miracle of the budding rod fixed the privilege upon Aaron and his descendants.³ The Apostles knew from our Lord's word that a similar strife would arise about the Christian episcopacy—similar, let us remark, yet different; for no one pretends that the Christian priests, like the Aaronic, excite envy by being a close body, through the exclusiveness of family descent. It is only by the transmission of Orders that they are a close corporation; otherwise they are most open as regards the ranks and the nationalities from which they draw their recruits. To return to St. Clement: he tells how the Christian priesthood, in the midst of contentions, as amid part of those scandals that "must be," was to be validly perpetuated. "The Apostles appointed the persons before mentioned, and then they provided an ordinance (*ἐπινομήν*) whereby if these should die, other approved men should succeed to their minis-

¹ Isaias lx. 17.

² His theory is that "ordination" was originally so strictly local that the appointment of one of the clergy to a new place would be named "re-ordination."

³ 44.

trations. The men then, whom the Apostles have established, or who afterwards have been established by others of good report, with the approbation of the whole Church, and who have ministered blamelessly to the flock of Christ, in humility, in peacefulness, in seemliness, with the esteem of all throughout a long time, men such as these, we hold, are not justly deposed from their office. For it will be no small sin on our part if we set aside from their episcopacy men who in innocence and holiness have made the oblations. . . . Yet we see that you have discharged from the ministry certain persons who had done honour to it by their irreproachable conduct." Here the consent of the people is admitted, not as giving validity to ordination of priests, but as a testimonial of fitness, and unfair deposition from the ministry is made an accusation against the Corinthians, without express mention of the rank of those who ventured upon the injustice. To the removal of that iniquity St. Clement then addresses himself.

The above citations give the general reader some means of judging for himself, instead of taking the *ipse dixit* of Principal Fairbairn, as to the attitude of St. Clement towards sacerdotalism. Writing to the Corinthians to allay a sedition in the Church of Corinth,¹ the Saint does not expressly describe or defend the institution of the hierarchical priesthood as such. He is engaged on the concrete case before him, the unlawful attempt to rob the presbytery of its authority in the persons of some then holding office. Thus he is led to speak concerning the position of bishops and priests: the mode of handing down the priestly powers; and the Eucharistic oblation which priests alone can offer. "Weizsäcker," says Harnack,² "correctly shows against Hatch from the first Epistle of Clement³ that clearly *προσφέρειν δῶρα τῷ Θεῷ* in the sense of sacrifice was the chief function of the Bishop. It is certain that Bishops were first

¹ "Rulers" and "presbyters" are the authorities against whom rebellion was made "by one or two" ringleaders. From the absence of express mention of a Bishop it has been conjectured that the see was vacant at the time, or not yet technically established. Hegesippus, however, finds a Bishop there as a matter of course. (Eusebius, *H.E.* iii. 16), and Tertullian calls it an Apostolic See (*De Prescr.* 37), whatever be the correctness or exact sense of his appellation.

² *Texte und Untersuchungen*, ii. Band. Heft. 1 n. 2, s. 144. Again, speaking of the text, *Malach.* i. 11—14, as it occurs in the *Διδαχὴ* xiv. 3, Harnack says: "During the second century this passage is constantly being brought forward, and that in relation to the Sacrifice of the Last Supper." (Justin, *Dial.* 28, 41, 116, 117; Irenæus, 17, 18; Tertull. *Adv. Jud.*; S. Adv. Marc. iii. 22; Clem. *Strom.* v. 14.)

³ 42 ff.

θεοῦ οἰκόνομοι in widest sense,¹ and then also in the most pregnant sense."² St. Ignatius of Antioch, whom we shall next examine, confirms this view when he speaks of those who deny the Real Presence of Christ which is brought about by the consecration of the Eucharist, as τῇ δωρεᾷ τοῦ θεοῦ ἀντιλέγοντες.³ From the nature of the argument the direct force of St. Clement's words concerns the authority of rulers to govern so long as they do not forfeit their position by misconduct; hence primarily he is, as the terms go, "hierarchical," not "hieractical" in his teaching; but concomitantly or by implication he says much that makes for the sacerdotal view and nothing to justify Professor Fairbairn to quote him as anti-sacerdotal. The parallelism between priestly functions in the Old Law and priestly functions in the New seems forced upon the mind by the words of the Apostolic Father, even upon the mind of Principal Fairbairn himself, when referring in a note to chapters 40, 43, 41, he remarks that the absence of the sacerdotal idea from the episcopate is "all the more remarkable as the priesthood of the Old Testament was early used as a standard of comparison of the order that ought to be realized by the ministry of the New, which yet is not invested with the priestly character or functions." Very different is the conclusion in the Epistle to the Hebrews if we grasp its real sense, and do not let ourselves be misled by some obscure references to ideas not developed, according to one of which, if the anti-sacerdotal interpretation is pushed to extremes, not even Christ Himself will be acknowledged as a priest so far as concerns His career on earth:⁴ even His Death on the Cross will become no sacrifice. Some, no doubt, even amongst those who deny our Christian ministers to be priests, will be not a little alarmed at a system of private, unaided interpretation, by which Scripture is made to tell so hardly against the Sacrifice of Calvary: and looking to St. Clement, as one of our earliest witnesses to the mind of the Church, they will at least be struck by his unflinching, unreserved application to Christian institutions of the terminology of the Jewish priesthood, and by the extent to which he prepares the way for that very result of which Lightfoot complains in his dissertation on the Christian Ministry. So vast, according to the lament of the Anglican Bishop, was the domination gained for itself by "the sacerdotal view of the ministry before the northern races were converted to the

¹ Titus i. 7.² 1 Timothy iii. 3, 5.³ *Ad Smyrn.* 7.⁴ Hebrews viii. 4. Cf. vii. 13, 14.

Gospel, and before the dialects derived from the Latin took the place of the ancient tongue, that the languages of modern Europe very generally supply only one word to represent alike the priest of the Jewish or heathen ceremonial and the presbyter of the Christian ministry." All we need remark, if indeed a remark so obvious be needful, is that Lightfoot certainly has a poor idea of the indefectibility of the Church, for re-echoing the notorious words of the Homily about the long centuries of "damnable idolatry," he asserts her to have gone egregiously wrong throughout Christendom, and to have thus erred from all but the earliest ages, in enslavement to that word so hateful also, as we have heard recently, to Archdeacon Farrar, "*hiereus* or *sacerdos*, the sacrificing priest, in its pagan and Jewish meaning."¹ We suppose that neither Lightfoot nor his repeater has anything to say against the Jewish sacrifice in its own system, and that the conjunction of it by both writers with paganism is aimed not against the Jews, but against us Catholics, who are said by the former to have developed, in the third century, a universal sacerdotalism under Pagan influences, deriving from the old tradition of the Jews only the forms of their ritual, not its substance.² Surely Lightfoot felt uneasy in assigning to the Church of Christ, so early and for so many centuries subsequently, an aberration gross and universal, concerning the very essence of Christian worship: and it must have been with some sort of uneasiness that he ended his dissertation on the ministry by quoting the text, as if in spite of his own conclusions, "I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Much better is the style of inference which he uses regarding the authenticity of the Gospels. He argues after this fashion: I find these narratives at the beginning of the third century, when Christian documents begin to be sufficiently copious, accepted all over the Christian world as inspired, as unique, as the common treasure of all the Churches; therefore I am satisfied with the scantier but confirmatory evidences of the first century and the second as given by the Apostolic Fathers, the Basilidian and Valentinian heretics, the Muratorian fragment, Athenagoras, Melito, Apollinaris, Hege-

¹ *Contemporary Review*, Sept. 1893, p. 357.

² More fully expressed, Lightfoot's assertion is that in the early Jewish Christian he can find no trace of sacrifices, but only of a worship like that of the Synagogue, not of the Temple; whence he concludes that it was the Gentile Churches, through fondness for their old heathen sacrifices, who introduced into the Church the offering of the Mass.

sippus, Theophilus, Justin, and Tatian, all which witnesses find their completion in Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, and Tertullian. Somewhat similarly, though in one point very mistakenly, he argues for so much of episcopacy as he admits, on the ground that "unless we have recourse to a sweeping condemnation of received documents, it seems vain to deny that early in the second century the episcopal office was firmly and widely established. Thus, during the last three decades of the first century, and during the time of the latest surviving Apostle, this change must have been brought about." By the word "change" he signifies his own wrong theory that the episcopacy rose up from beneath, namely, from the body of the priests who elevated some of their members to hold headship over them and the Church. Episcopal order as distinguished from the inferior order of simple priests could never, in the Catholic sense, have been thus originated: the power to consecrate priests must have been from above by Christ: it could not have come from below as a matter of deputation. This, however, is not so much our point just now as is the method itself of arguing from a later century to an earlier. Lightfoot admits that in the third century sacerdotalism was the dominant belief of the Church: he says that the germs appear at the close of the second century, and that in the beginning of the next they reach a most sudden maturity. We say, not sudden: for the maturity of the sacerdotal doctrine was reached in the same way as was, on Lightfoot's own showing, the maturity of the doctrine about the New Testament, and a witness to the fact we see in St. Clement, whose words become so much more naturally intelligible when read in the light of the Catholic tradition. Thus on historic grounds alone, not to say more at present, it is made at least probable that sacerdotalism was a primitive institution: on the principle of the Church's indefectibility the fact becomes certain.

One more remark of Lightfoot in connection with St. Clement is noteworthy, namely, his declaration that in the dissertation on the ministry he will leave undiscussed whether the rites used at the Last Supper constituted a sacrifice. Surely the first celebration of the Eucharist with the injunction following it, which the Council of Trent declares to have been the ordination of the Apostles to the priesthood, is too important in the light which it should shed on the nature of the ministry to be left unconsidered. Again, we have the Protestant Harnack

with us against Lightfoot, and quoting St. Clement on our side : "The idea of the whole action in the Last Supper as being sacrificial is found clearly in the *Διδαχῇ*,¹ in Ignatius, and above all in Justin.² Clement of Rome also affirms it³ in the parallel which he draws between the Bishops and deacons of the Church on the one hand, and on the other the priests and Levites of the Old Testament ; he gives as their peculiar function, *προσφέρειν τὰ δῶρα*."⁴

(2) To the other authorities mentioned by Harnack as well as by Principal Fairbairn we must now go on, taking up first among them St. Ignatius of Antioch, the substantial genuineness of whose letters we will suppose now pretty generally admitted. Indeed, our opponent raises no difficulty on this last score. Any recondite discussion of the Martyr's words we do not intend to attempt, because we believe it to be unnecessary ; while much "darkening of counsel" not unfrequently comes from the burying of comparatively plain sentences under a mass of erudition and theorizing. We do not despise the uses of learned commentary ; but of one thing we are sure, that there are documents which are more correctly understood by the unpretentious reader than by the scholar who has grown sophisticated under the weight of his critical apparatus.

Again, let us set before our eyes what Principal Fairbairn after his compendious method, has to say about the witness of St. Ignatius to the priesthood. "The Apostolic usage [as opposed to the sacerdotal or episcopalian] survives in the Apostolic Fathers, though they have no very clear consciousness of what it involved. The episcopate in Ignatius has high political or congregational significance, but no sacerdotal. His bishop is no priest, and to him *θυσιαστήριον* and *ναός* are alike spiritual." Even if there were no mention of sacerdotalism in the letters of St. Ignatius, Principal Fairbairn would have no right to infer its rejection unless he could bring, as he certainly cannot, words that are clearly exclusive ; but that he should overlook the many evidences against his interpretation and in favour of its contrary, seems assignable only to a strong prejudice against a Christian priesthood. Not with great rigour as to lines of demarcation we may distribute under three heads the passages from St. Ignatius which tell for the Catholic in opposition to the other system.

¹ C. 14.² *Apol.* i. 65 ff.³ Cc. 40—44.⁴ *Dogmengeschichte*, i. 152.

(a) St. Ignatius traces the priesthood and the episcopacy not to popular will, nor to imitation of Roman officialism, nor to mere ecclesiastical institution, but to a special appointment of God through the word of Jesus Christ; and in the course of delivering this doctrine He from time to time connects the sacerdotal body specially with the Holy Eucharist, as its ministers. (b) He teaches that the priests consecrate bread and wine into the real Body and Blood of Christ; and (c) that the Eucharist is also a sacrifice.

(a) No serious writer disputes that the Ignatian letters assign a very high rank in Christ's ordinances to the episcopacy, with its subordinate priests and deacons: what is contested is whether the Catholic claims do not go beyond the Ignatian. We will begin with a comprehensive statement to be found *Ad Smyrn.* 8: "Obey the Bishop, all of you, as Jesus Christ was obedient to the Father, and be obedient to the priests as to the Apostles; while as to the deacons, hold them in honour as the institution (*ἐντολήν*) of God. Apart from the Bishop, let no one do anything pertaining to Church matters. And let that be accounted a valid Eucharist which is performed either by the Bishop or by one whom he has appointed. Where the Bishop appears, there let the multitude be; after the manner in which where Christ is, there is the Catholic Church. Without the Bishop it is allowable neither to baptize, nor to celebrate the *Agape*; what he approves is pleasing to God, and so you may secure that whatever is done shall be safe and valid."

In the next chapter occur the words: "Whosoever honours the Bishop is honoured by God; but he who acts secretly without knowledge of his Bishop, pays worship to the devil." It is mild to remark that not from these sentences did Principal Fairbairn derive his opinion that episcopacy is a political institution, copied from the model of the Roman Empire. Again, to the Ephesians,¹ St. Ignatius expresses his wish that "by God's grace they gather together in one faith and in one Jesus Christ, obeying with undivided mind the bishops and the presbytery, *breaking one bread* which is the medicine of immortality and the antidote against death." The last expressions, which include the promise of a resurrection to those who feed on Christ's flesh, are but repetitions of His own declarations that He will give life and freedom from death

¹ 20.

to those who eat His Body and drink His Blood;¹ while the sacrificial character of the Eucharist, which we have afterwards to defend, is signified by the sacrificial term, "breaking of bread" (*ἄρτον κλώντες*).² Confirmatory passages are easily added: "As our Lord did nothing without the Father to whom He is united, neither of Himself nor through His Apostles, so do you nothing without the Bishop and the priests. Do not seek to give an appearance of propriety to anything of your own that you do apart. But when you come together in one place (*ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτὸ*), let there be one supplication, one prayer, one mind, one hope, in charity and in holy joy. There is one Jesus Christ, than whom nothing is greater. Let all, therefore, meet together as to one sanctuary of God, as to one altar, as to one Jesus Christ."³ We have testimony here to more truths than we are undertaking to prove in the present subdivision of our labours, and therefore we omit to mention some of the points that are made good; but on behalf of our immediate contention, that St. Ignatius conjoins with the Eucharist a divinely instituted priesthood, we will call attention to the occurrence above of the oft-repeated phrase, *ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτὸ*, which is closely akin to "synaxis," the name for Holy Communion, and is brought into relation with this mystery in the classical passage of St. Paul: *συνερχομένων οὖν ὑμῶν ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτό*.⁴ Afterwards it is at least three or four times reproduced by St. Ignatius, who is not alone among the Fathers in such usage. As a continuation of the same sacerdotal views may be read what St. Ignatius writes to the Ephesians: "Blessed is He who of His grace has deigned to give you such a Bishop. Concerning my fellow-servant Burrhus, your deacon according to God, and one blessed in all things, I beg that he may remain to your honour and to that of the Bishop. . . . It becomes you in all ways to glorify Jesus Christ who has glorified you, that you may be perfect in one obedience, and that being subject to the Bishop and the presbytery, you may be altogether sanctified. . . . I have taken upon me to be forward in exhorting you all to run along the one course worked out by the Divine mind; for Jesus Christ, our unseparable Life, is the mind of the Father, as the bishops, in the remotest parts, are according to the mind

¹ St. John vi.

² Where St. Luke says, "This is My Body which is *given* for you" (*τὸ δεδομένον* xxii. 19.), St. Paul says, "This is My Body which is *broken* for you." (*τὸ κλάμενον* 1 Cor. xi. 24; cf. x. 16; Acts ii. 42.) Both terms are sacrificial in their meaning.

³ Mag. 7.

⁴ 1 Cor. xi. 20.

of Jesus Christ. Therefore, it is your duty to be in agreement, as indeed you are, with the Bishop. For your deservedly esteemed presbytery, worthy of God, is attuned to the Bishop as the strings are to the harp; and therefore it is that in your concord and harmonious love Jesus Christ is sung. And do you, each man of you, be members of one choir, that being musically in agreement, taking up the song of God together, you may with one voice hymn the Father through Jesus Christ, so that He may both hear you and may know by your works that you are members of His Son."¹ The next chapter has in it something more significant still, which we will consider later when we speak of the Eucharist as a Sacrifice; at present it is enough to ask whether sacerdotal or anti-sacerdotal sentiments chime in more suitably with words so forcibly expressive of a Divine institution, which has a great part in sanctifying the Church, and uniting its members supernaturally with Christ as their Head. Though further testimony is not needful, we will subjoin another extract almost without comment, and then pass on to our next subdivision: "Since you are subject to your Bishop as to Jesus Christ, you seem to me to be living not according to man, but according to Jesus Christ, who died for us in order that we, relying upon His Death, may escape death. It is therefore necessary that, as is your practice, you should never act without the Bishop, but that you should be submissive to the presbytery, as to our Lord Jesus Christ, our hope, in whom, if we abide in Him during life, we shall also be found at the end. The deacons who are ministers of Christ's mysteries, must in every way give full satisfaction. For they are not simply the dispensers of meat and drink, but the servants of God's Church. Let all reverence the deacons as the appointment of Jesus Christ, and the Bishop as Jesus Christ, Son of the Father, and the priests as the council of God and the company of the Apostles.² *Without these the Church is not to be called the Church,*" that is, it is wanting in essentials.³ As we listen to language so well attuned to Catholic feeling, constantly, as a most incongruous refrain, there recur to our eyes those words of Principal Fairbairn: "The episcopate in Ignatius has a high political

¹ 1, 2, 3, 4.

² Readings vary here, but not so as to affect our argument. In general we have followed Hefele's argument, but not exclusively.

³ *Ad Trall.* 2, 3.

or congregational influence, but no sacerdotal; "the Church at its origin had no official priesthood," "worship does not depend on sacred persons, places, or rites; Christ spoke no word, did no act, that implied the necessity of an official priesthood for His people; He enforced no sacerdotal observance, instituted no sacerdotal Order, promulgated no sacerdotal law, but simply required that His people should be perfect as their Father in Heaven is perfect."¹ When in these views the writer claims to have with him St. Ignatius as a voucher, he is mistaken, as we will proceed further to make credible.

(b) If it can be shown that on the Ignatian system priests are credited with the power of consecrating bread and wine into the true Body and Blood of Christ, it will have to be admitted that they are declared to have gifts genuinely sacerdotal or hieratic. On the subject the witness of St. Ignatius is of this character: "The Docetæ abstain from the Eucharist and [its] prayer because they do not confess *that the Eucharist is the Body of our Saviour Jesus Christ which suffered for our sins, and which the Father in His benignity raised up from the tomb.*"² Lightfoot says that the force of the argument lies in the fact that "the Eucharist *implies* the reality of Christ's Flesh;" we submit that it lies in the fact that it *is* Christ's Flesh; for this is literally what St. Ignatius affirms, and to diminish the force of his words must be pronounced, in the light of the New Testament and of ecclesiastical tradition, a proceeding more than arbitrary. Let the sentence appear in Lightfoot's own translation: "They abstain from the Eucharist because they do not acknowledge it to be the Flesh of Christ which truly suffered and rose again." Here then St. Ignatius answers satisfactorily for us that great test of the Real Presence which came so much into prominence during the controversy raised by Paschasius Radbertus, namely, whether or not we find the same Body and Blood in the Holy Eucharist as on the Cross and at the Resurrection. The same, says St. Ignatius, the Eucharist is just that very Body, always one with itself during its various transformations.

We before mentioned the liturgical character of St. Clement's letter, and we must now remark that there is much in St. Ignatius' Epistles that is *liturgical*. But *liturgy* has to do especially with the Holy Eucharist, in which the great *liturgists*, or men commissioned to do a public service, are the bishops

¹ P. 48.

² *Ad Smyrn.* 7.

and priests. Of them accordingly there is mention in the next chapter, which has already been quoted to the effect that all ecclesiastical functions, and therefore notably the chief function, must be done in subordination to the bishop, helped by his priests and deacons, and that so only can there be a "valid Eucharist," which is "the Bread of God."¹ However, we will not delay upon the Sacrament, but go on to that which includes it, the Sacrifice of the Altar.

(c) It is not denied that in connection with the priesthood St. Ignatius speaks of the Christian altar *θυσιαστήριον*, so called from *θυσία*, the sacrifice which is thereon offered. Nor, on the other side, is it denied that he on occasion uses the word clearly in a figurative sense when he speaks of himself as ready to be immolated at Rome.² Now as those who believe to-day most firmly in a material altar and a material sacrifice, continue, when circumstances call for it, to use the term altar in a metaphorical sense; so St. Ignatius, by his occasional metaphor, is not shut out from the literal usage, any more than a man who employs a splendid ritual is debarred from worshipping the unseen God "in spirit and in truth," as perfectly while he is engaged upon his gorgeous ceremonies as when he breathes a silent aspiration of the soul alone.

As regards, however, the matter of fact, the actual sense in which St. Ignatius used the word *θυσιαστήριον*, there is a line of argument which we must pronounce inconclusive. When Dr. Westcott in his Additional Note to Hebrews xiii. 10, says that "in the first stage of Christian literature there is *no room* for the application of the word *θυσιαστήριον* to any concrete material object, as the Holy Table;" it is his own anti-sacrificial theory that leaves the "no room;" without that the space, if not filled, is at least open. He has not realized all that is needful to prove a complete negative. On our side we account for an absence of *explicit mention*, which we distinguish from *denial*, of a material altar, partly by the scantiness of our documents, partly by the impossibility of explaining to pagans or Jews the mysterious nature of the Mass, and partly by the "discipline of secrecy" which forbade the throwing of pearls to swine, and which, with a sense of surprise, we find to some extent violated in the *Apology* of St. Justin. In addition, however, to the early silence about the Mass, there is of course

¹ Ephes. 5.

² Romans 2. Cf. *Ep. Polycarpi* 4, where widows are called God's altar.

the plea of our opponents that when the primitive Christians were taxed with atheism for having no altars—altars in the plural and atheism in the plural, “no gods”—they showed very little effort to defend themselves at length. They seemed even to admit the charge of no altars, urging that God has not need of bleeding victims, but values holy living. Dr. Westcott would not urge such words to the injury of the Old Testament sacrifices, or of the Sacrifice on Calvary; let him not make too sure that they exclude the Mass, though admittedly they do not avow it. And yet one of the “initiated” might have recognized it, perhaps, in the answer of Athenagoras to the charge with which we are dealing. He tells those whose “measure of piety was the offering of victims,” *μετρούντες τὴν εὐσέβειαν θυσιῶν νόμῳ*, who were most carnal in their notions of sacrifice, and who had pagan orgies before their eyes, that “the Maker and Father of the universe does not need blood and smoke, or the fragrance of flowers and incense, but *He is Himself a most sweet odour*. . . . Why should I offer hecatombs of which God is not in want, when the thing necessary is to offer *an unbleeding Victim* and rational worship.”¹ We in no way seek to hide that express mention here is made only of virtue as an oblation, but, with knowledge derived elsewhere, we wish to point out that the “no room theory” is here not demonstrated, and as, soon after, when Christian literature begins to be more plentiful, Dr. Westcott is simply forced to allow “room,” and occupation of it too by the Mass, he must either agree with us, or, while professing to be a Christian Bishop, confess a violent change in Christ’s Church, for “from St. Cyprian’s time there can be no doubt that the words *θυσιαστήριον*, and *altare*, were applied habitually to the Holy Table,” in a sacrificial sense.² This is degrading to the Church.

Turning again to St. Ignatius we read in the letter to the Philadelphians: “Be very careful to use one Eucharist; because one is the Flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ, and one the chalice for the oneness of His Blood; *one altar*, as there is one Bishop along with his priests and deacons, my fellow-servants. Be careful on this point in order that, whatever you do, you may do it according to God.”³

It is only reasonable to suppose that an altar served by real

¹ *Legat.* c. 13.

² *Ibid.* p. 458.

³ *Philad.* 4. Cf. Heb. xiii. 10; 1 Cor. ix. 13; x. 18—22.

bishops, priests, and deacons, should be a real and not a metaphorical altar; all the more so, because the oneness of the altar is insisted upon, which would not have much meaning in the case of an ideal altar, and because archæology is all in favour of a real Christian altar from the beginning.¹ In another place, after his usual exhortation to the preservation of unity with the Bishop, St. Ignatius says, evidently with the desire that there should be no mistake about his words: "Let no one go astray; unless a man be within the altar (*ἐντὸς τοῦ θυσιαστηρίου*) he is deprived of the Bread of God. For if the prayer of one or two is of such avail, how much more so that of the Bishop and the whole Church? He therefore who does not come to the common assembly (*ὁ μὴ ἐρχόμενος ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτὸ*, a phrase explained before), is already puffed up with pride and has cut himself off in his conceit."² A parallel passage runs thus: "Beware of heretics, which you will do if you are not proudly inflated and are not cut off from our Lord Jesus Christ, nor from the Bishop, nor from the Apostolic precepts. He who is within the altar (*ὁ ἐντὸς θυσιαστηρίου*) is clean; he who acts apart from bishop, priest, and deacon, is not clean in conscience."³ The last explanatory clause has been claimed on the side of those who wish to make out that St. Ignatius speaks only of a spiritual, never of a material, altar; but even were it proved that this was true of the two above instances, in which we find the phrase, "within the altar," still it would not destroy the other cases in which there is no similar excuse

¹ Kraus, *Rom. Sott.* 227, and *Real Encyclopädie der Christlichen Alterthümer*, under the words *Altar* and *Eucharist*.

² Eph. 5.

³ *Ad Trall.* 7. We have not space to urge anything like all that may be said in our favour; but just to give an example of how even seemingly casual expressions lend force to our argument, we will note the phrase, "clean in conscience," which has special connection with the Eucharist, both as Sacrifice and Sacrament. In the Epistle to the Hebrews (ix. 9), we are told that the sacrifices of the Old Law could not make man perfect in conscience, and thus showed their inferiority to the Sacrifice of Christ on the Cross. In making union with the Bishop in the assembly of the faithful round the altar a condition of right conscience (cf. Mag. iv.), St. Ignatius has regard to the perpetuation of the Sacrifice of the Cross in the Sacrifice of the Mass, which is the one service which all Catholics are bound to attend every Sunday. Such interpretation is made the more credible by some continuation of the idea in Clement of Alexandria (*Strom.* vi. 14) and Origen, as also in St. Irenæus and Tertullian. We have already come across the usage in St. Clement (see Probst, *Liturgie der Drei Ersten Christlichen Jahrhunderte*, p. 42). When we treat of the *Didache*, we shall see in chapter xiv. how confession of sin had to precede the Eucharist, in order that "the sacrifice of the faithful might be clean" — *ὅπως καθαρὰ ἡ θυσία ὑμῶν ᾖ*.

for taking refuge in a figurative sense. Besides, if to be "within the altar" means to be in the sanctuary, in communion with the clergy, and to participate in the sacrament known by the name of Communion, or *synaxis*, there must be some literal sense of *θυσιαστήριον*, whereon to found the metaphor, and that sense must be verified in what we call, without figure, an altar. It is clear that St. Ignatius supposed that there was, in the Catholic Church of his day, literally an altar with priests serving it, for he could not be perpetually dwelling on metaphor without a basis to support it. Certainly the pressure put upon words to give them a forced meaning is not on our part. "Taken by themselves alone," says Probst,¹ "the words, 'within the altar,' might refer to the assembly or congregation, in the sense that he who does not belong to the Church is shut out from the Eucharist. But since Ignatius recognized an altar in the Christian Church, the phrase must mean something more; it must express connection with this altar, inasmuch as upon it lies the Bread which is distributed to communicants." Thus to be 'within the altar' signifies to receive the one Eucharist from the hand of the one Bishop, at the altar which stands in the church." Even to the length of sacerdotalism like this should Lightfoot have carried his masterly work on behalf of St. Ignatius; but he was kept back by his Protestant training, and so preferred to cut himself off from what he admitted to be an early, and long continued, and universally diffused tradition. If, however, it should be urged that Probst, and those that think with him, also bring with them to the reading of St. Ignatius a bias, in the sense of a conviction derived from other sources, we admit the impeachment in the confidence that archæology and liturgical studies are all on one side, with convincing evidence. The catacombs speak for a primitive sacrifice in the Church and connect it with the sacrifices of the Old Law, as with its prophetic types; while the liturgies, first oral and then written, show us in the fourth century and onwards the Sacrifice of the Mass, sufficiently uniform to bespeak the unity of the tradition, and sufficiently varied in accidentals to bespeak a length of time during which the institution had opportunity to diverge. This argument is now ours at present, but if we are accused of preconceptions, we boldly name their source.

Another admission we may make, that the matter and the

¹ Op. cit. pp. 68, 69.

form of Orders, as also the distinction between the several Orders or quasi-Orders, have given much subject for dispute to Catholic theologians; and that some points have been late in finding a settlement, and some have not yet found one completely. What precisely is the description of the addition which the episcopate makes to the priesthood, is a knotty question in theology;¹ while in history, great obscurity rests on the gradual separation of the terms *episcopus* and *presbyter*;² as also on the time at which officials who were simple priests and nothing more began generally to be appointed, and to have the right to say Mass by themselves, apart from the bishop. The Ignatian Epistles do not clear up important details of the above character; all we have sought to deduce from them is a testimony to the general fact of "sacerdotalism," more particularly, however, on the negative side, inasmuch as their wording does not bear out Principal Fairbairn's contention, that they are evidence against priestly claims in the first century and in the beginning of the second—evidence that there were then no such claims.

¹ See Morinus, *De Sacris Ordinibus*, Part iii. Exercit. iii. cap. i. He compares the addition made to the priesthood by episcopal consecration to the addition made to the priest's ordination by the jurisdiction given wherewith he is first enabled to absolve from sin. Theologians would differ as to the closeness of the parallel.

² While some suppose that the "presbyters" appointed by the Apostles were in proportion more largely than "nowadays" made up of those who were bishops, not indeed in having jurisdiction over a see, but at least as to their Orders, or in their power to confer the Sacrament of Orders, others suppose that the Apostles appointed for the most part simple priests, keeping to themselves largely the episcopal office. At any rate, there is no need to uphold from the early times anything like a division into dioceses, metropolises, and patriarchates.

The Oxford School and Modern Religious Thought.

THE above is the title of the concluding chapter of the first of two volumes by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, entitled respectively, *William George Ward and the Oxford Movement*, and *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival*. (Macmillan and Co.) The former appeared first in 1889, and a second edition, in which the last chapter received important extensions, in 1890. The interest of this volume, which has already most deservedly won its reputation, centres round two foci, the man and the movement. With the living portrait of Dr. Ward so ably presented to us in these pages we hope to deal in a subsequent article, which we shall devote to the peculiar matter of the second of the above volumes, and to the character of their subject as revealed in both.

The "Movement" is here dealt with in a spirit that must satisfy all as being thoroughly critical, and at the same time is peculiarly satisfactory to Catholics as viewing it from a Catholic standpoint. With all the intellectual honesty in the world it is impossible for a non-Catholic to interpret such events colourlessly; and if it be retorted that the same objection avails against a Catholic interpreter, it must at least be admitted that truth is the gainer by every new aspect of a question, provided it be sincerely presented.

Having devoted the body of the book to the consideration of the movement in itself and in its influences on the religious thought of its own day, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in the last chapter, opens up a more interesting and practical question as to its bearing on the religion and philosophy of the present day, more especially in England; and he vindicates for it a far higher degree of surviving energy than is usually accorded to it. He shows that although directly and primarily concerned with the conflict between ecclesiastical and anarchical systems of Christianity, that is, between authoritative teaching and private judgment, yet the principles for which, and by means of which,

that conflict was carried on were the same as those which are now applied to the more fundamental controversy between faith and unfaith. Hence the movement, though dead in one sense, in another still speaks and lives. As an ecclesiastical movement it belongs to the past history of the Establishment; it is at an end. As an attempt to Catholicize an essentially Protestant system; to introduce authoritative teaching as the rule of belief into a body which originated in a revolt against authority, and existed mainly to justify the principle of such revolt; to assert the principles of ecclesiastical independence in a Church which owed its birth, its persistence, its outward semblance of unity to the State; as an attempt to effect all this, it was courageous, noble, persevering, but nevertheless a failure. This may at first sight seem a strange assertion, in the face of the present prevalence of Catholic dogma and Catholic ritual among many of the clergy and laity of the Establishment. Yet, as Mr. Wilfrid Ward points out very clearly and powerfully, ever since the Gorham judgment, the history of Anglicanism is the record of a series of Erastian triumphs, of steady authoritative assertion of the principles upheld by Arnold and repudiated by Newman. Parliament and Privy Council have again and again vindicated their legal claim to be the ultimate exponents of Anglican dogma, and to overrule the decisions of the episcopacy. If Roman doctrines and practices prevail more than formerly, it is precisely in virtue of the prevalence of the principles of private judgment, religious indifference, contempt of dogmatic and authoritative teaching, of all that is the very soul and life-spring of Protestantism. It is not because the Establishment, as a Church, even tacitly approves of Catholicism in any diluted form, but because, as a Church, it has ceased to care for any of these things. It is not because Newman's principles have been victorious, but because they have been defeated. It is because Erastianism has issued in the abolition of religious tests in Parliament itself, and has thus left a virtually non-Christian assembly to be the supreme arbiter of Christian controversy. It is because Socinian opinions are tolerated within the Establishment, and therefore Roman opinions cannot reasonably be excluded. In no sense is it that as a Church she has modified her teaching, but only because she has openly and professedly given up teaching altogether. If then her members hold Catholic doctrines, they do so on Protestant principles. If more of them agree with us, and in more points now than formerly,

yet the agreement is but material. As to the most fundamental article of faith, namely, the rule of faith itself, the divergence is as great, or rather far greater, than that which severed the Tractarians from the Catholic Church. Hence to regard the present-day High Churchmen, or Ritualists, as in any sense "continuous" with the Tractarian party is only possible for those who use the term "continuous" in an Anglican sense. We may then say roughly that, as an ecclesiastical movement, Tractarianism has done its work, and is no more.

But Mr. Wilfrid Ward insists very strongly and very justly on the fact "that it embodied, in however rough and untechnical a form, great philosophical principles, in addition to its ecclesiastical and theological tendencies," principles which are of the utmost consequence, and whose influence is still daily felt in the controversy between faith and unbelief. This is lost sight of by many, who, like Arnold, view the movement as concerned only with matters of ecclesiastical detail, "a dress, a ritual, a name, a ceremony, objects so pitiful that if gained ever so completely they would make no man the wiser or better;" as throwing no light on the far deeper problems touching the worth of this life, the prospects of another life, the existence of a personal God, of a revelation, and the like, which are now dividing not England alone, but the world.

They do not look to the principles of the movement, they do not reflect that "the conception, for example, of conscience as the echo of God's voice, of the Church as the exponent of conscience and of the Christian revelation, are fundamental to the scheme proposed by Newman and Ward. Details of dogma are only duly understood as resting on this basis," are only valued as involving these principles, and for their sake.

That the Tractarians were but slightly versed in German philosophy and Bible-criticism must indeed be conceded; yet it must no less be recognized that Newman and Ward, with that keen insight into the remote tendencies of principles so remarkable in both of them, foresaw in general outline, and forestalled the difficulties of our own day, which are the natural fruit of the teaching of Arnold and Whately, and of the primary postulates of Protestantism which they but formulated. A detailed encounter with German rationalism would have been beyond the scope of Newman and Ward, however serviceable it might now be to us. With them the point first to be settled was the more fundamental one of the rights and duties

of philosophical and Biblical criticism with respect to revealed religion ; not what they had to say, but how far they had a right to be heard.

If indeed Newman and Ward had regarded philosophy and the sacred writings as furnishing a secure and all-sufficient guarantee for the credibility of the Christian religion, then they should have occupied themselves with the refutation of anti-Christian philosophers and critics. In that case they might have bequeathed us a certain amount of valuable controversy, amongst a great deal that would even now be obsolete and worthless. But recognizing, as they did, the fluctuating character of science and criticism, their aim was at a more lasting and wide-reaching utility, namely, to make the preambles of faith in some sort independent of, and indifferent to these very fluctuations ; to relieve the majority of believers from the mental disturbance inseparable from the erroneous impression that their faith is in continual jeopardy at the hands of the scientists and critics. Hence a detailed encounter with German thought would have been beside the mark until the preliminary question had been settled. They did not deny that it was the duty of the Christian apologist to defend the faith from the charge of opposition to science ; to be apace with every new turn and development ; to show that either the scientific truth or historical fact in question had not been established, or that the religious truth had been misapprehended, or that the incompatibility was apparent and not real. This was a subsequent task, but it was not the task they had undertaken.

Far more plausible is the charge brought against the Oxford Movement by Mr. J. A. Froude, of having occasioned the present wide spread of scepticism. Mr. Wilfrid Ward, of course, repudiates this accusation, and points out that it is the noetic school of Whately which is really responsible for this evil. Newman and Ward foresaw the inevitable outcome of the principles of Liberalism, and therefore laboured strenuously to establish counter-principles. It need not, perhaps, be denied that hereby things were brought to an issue sooner ; that many were forced to take up a definite position, to accept or to reject the solutions offered, who otherwise would have drifted on more slowly, but no less surely, into one extreme or the other. Still Mr. Froude's charge implicitly acquits the Oxford Movement of ignoring the dangerous tendencies of German thought.

"The two great principles which the Oxford philosophers insisted on—in stemming the sceptical current—were the necessarily changeable aspect of all science, and of historical science inclusively on the one hand; and on the other, the existence of a permanent basis in truly religious men for theism. A Christianity, outside and beyond those traditional arguments which could be thrown into confusion or destroyed in their single-handed effectiveness by modern criticism." In virtue of the former, it is absurd to seek in Scripture for final dogmatic declarations in scientific matters. To please Galileo, Holy Writ should have spoken of the sun as stationary, yet this would have displeased the astronomers of to-day. A full and detailed narrative of all that is now ascertained on the matter would have been obviously impertinent and out of place; while a statement of the truth as it is, even were it possible, would be probably incredible and unintelligible, as involving the last word to be said on space and motion. How far the same principle may be applied to the historical criticism of the Bible is an interesting point which Mr. Wilfrid Ward does not go into.

"The statements of science are not final, the analysis of belief is often not final;" hence it is foolish to be troubled at the first sign of a discrepancy between science and belief. The many instances in the past, where such ghosts have proved to be the creations of defective light and weak nerves, ought on all principles of sound induction to make us brave and patient in the face of present or future difficulties.

Still Newman's aim was to find an "antidote for those whose imagination was oppressed and whose reason was confused by criticisms which might indeed prove unsound, but which *might prove sound*;" to give them "some more permanent support than this ever-changing meteor-like natural and evidential theology could supply."

In opposition to Whately's school, which exaggerated the importance of exact deductive reasoning as a condition of assent to the disparagement of other modes of proof, Newman laid great stress on the complex inductive inference in favour of Christianity, drawn from the history of the human heart and of the Jewish and Christian religions considered together as parts of a whole. He made it clear that our strongest and most unhesitating assents are those for which we are often least able to give a formal scientific proof, not on account of their objective unreasonableness, but from the complex and

cumulative character of the argument. We recognize our friends by the tone of their voice, their step, their expression; we are irresistibly convinced of the existence of an external world, of minds and hearts outside us—like our own, yet not our own; but so to formulate these inferences as to carry conviction to a wilful sceptic is beyond the power of man. Men spoke before grammars were written, and reasoned before logic was formulated. If logic cannot justify all our certainties, so much the worse for logic.

From "the shadow of the Divinity revealed in conscience," from the history of supernatural religion viewed comprehensively, Newman maintained that it was possible to derive a certainty as to the existence and character of God and the truth of Christianity, irresistible, although defying exact syllogistic expression, and, moreover, a certainty that could afford to wait patiently and undisturbedly for the solution of whatever philosophical or critical difficulties might be raised against the ordinary motives of credibility.

He insisted no less that such certainty was clearly distinguishable from prejudice, in spite of their superficial agreement in the absence of scientific analysis. Each had assignable distinctive notes. Nor was the deductive method, however protracted by syllogistic rules, any real guarantee against the distorting effects of prejudice, except in the case of mathematical reasoning. That fidelity to the voice of conscience, obedience to present light, and purity of heart are conditions for seeing God as revealed in conscience itself and in the Church, was a favourite theme of Dr. Ward's. I do not suppose that either he or Newman would have maintained that such sincerity of life would lead a simple pagan to an adequate knowledge of all the truths of natural religion, or to expect and look for such a revelation as Christianity. Besides the faculty of vision, an object is requisite for the act of sight. But the pure-hearted pagan would undoubtedly possess that *recta sapere*, or spiritual discernment, which would enable him, when confronted with Christianity as a whole, to say at once, *Digitus Dei est hic*.

Conscience, therefore, according to Ward and Newman, is the faculty whereby we discern the things of God; and the condition of its exercise is obedience to its behests, in other words, purity of heart.

Conscience, moreover, recognizes its own need of light and guidance in details, of the support of authority, of the

encouragement of good example. These needs it finds satisfied adequately in the Catholic Church of Christ, in which it sees with a quasi-intuitional certainty its own Heaven-sent guide and complement. Unacceptable as such a truth is to the humanitarian Christianity of these days, Ward and Newman recognized that the sanctification of the individual soul was the one great end of the Church to which all others were subordinate. Charity towards others was true charity only so far as their spiritual sanctification was its ultimate end. If the Church has served the cause of civilization and culture, if she has in any way lessened the temporal sufferings of mankind, yet all such beneficence was but a means to her great end, namely, to unite each single soul to God. No other form of Christianity but the ancient, made the perfection of conscience itself its direct and principal care; no other "set its seal on sanctity and asceticism as intrinsically sacred; weighed philanthropy by the love of holiness which inspired it; produced the saint living in communion with God—something fundamentally distinct from the enthusiastic lover of mankind." Hence those who are familiar with the voice of God speaking to them in the purity of their conscience, will not fail to recognize its unmistakable tones in the teaching of the Christian Church.

That there is any very fundamental difference of principle between Newman and the ordinary run of Catholic apologists we ourselves are much inclined to deny. The contrary opinion we venture to say loses sight of the rather different meaning attached to the term "faith" by theologians and by ordinary English usage. As regards the act of faith whereby we assent to what God has revealed, because God the Truth has revealed it, there can be no two opinions among Catholics, however the genesis of that act be analyzed. To suppose that Newman ever meant that this act of faith was "a venture" in any sense, would, if we mistake not, be a complete misapprehension of his position. The real divergence, if such there be, concerns the motives of credibility, the assent we accord to the propositions: God is the Truth, and God has thus spoken. To this assent which is but the preamble of *faith* in the theological sense, Newman applies the term *faith*, in a sense not unusual in current English. To call this act of assent a "venture," is not inconsistent with its possessing the very highest degree of moral certitude such as theologians require for the preambles

of faith. It is a "venture" in the eyes of rationalizing Christians in so far as it fails to give a formal scientific justification of itself, being a quasi-intuitional (though truly inferential) apprehending of God as revealed in conscience and Christianity. It is called an act of *faith* for very much the same reason, not that it is a blind act, but because it sees more than it can render a clear account of; because it shakes itself free of the trammels of dialectics; because it obeys an invisible and spiritual monitor, conscience; because it stakes all, on the objective value of the notions of duty, goodness, holiness—things invisible and immaterial.

Nor again is it fair to suppose that by conscience Newman or Ward understood anything different from the ordinary scholastic teaching, by which all intellectual first principles, including those of conscience, were regarded as a very special impress of the divinity on the soul. Theologians quote in this connection, *Signasti super nos lumen vultus tui Domine*; they refer repeatedly to the words *erat lux vera quæ illuminat omnem hominem venientem in hunc mundum*. Newman understood conscience to be the voice of God, just as St. Thomas Aquinas did; and not in any way to favour the delusions of illuminists. The scholastics argued from the light of reason and conscience to the existence of God by a formal syllogistic process; he, without denying its value, insisted rather on the greater strength of the informal instinctive inference. He was certainly at variance with modern apologists in that he regarded the historical and philosophical proofs of Christianity, apart from the argument from conscience, not as objectively invalid, but as relatively insufficient; and, from their variable and fluctuating character, insecure; and therefore he sought a more permanent and independent basis for the motives of credibility. It is one thing to deny the existence of any objectively valid apology for Christianity; it is another thing to assert that however valid in itself it has never of its own cogency forced an assent to the credibility of religion from one not previously and otherwise disposed to assent; that it has never *de facto* served as the whole and adequate condition and outwork of faith in a single instance. Each soul has got its own motive of credibility, in most cases complex, cumulative, and defying analysis. *Scio cui credidi* would in many cases be its best and only possible expression. That we cannot justify our faith to others is not in any way a proof of the unreasonableness of our position.

Those who already believe or are disposed to believe have a right to expect to find an agreement between faith and science, and for this end objective apologetics are necessary. But that there is a disagreement may well be the fault of science or of the apologists, and against such faults there is no guarantee. In no case, according to Newman and Ward, are such discrepancies to have any weight against the argument from conscience. To the pure of heart the first principles of conscience are more certain, more real, more necessary than any chain of reasoning leading to conclusions inconsistent with them, such as the denial of a holy God communing with the human heart, or of that religion which the heart recognizes as speaking in his familiar tones.

It seems to us that some Catholics have misunderstood Newman's view of faith as much as Mr. J. A. Froude, who wrote that according to Newman the historical proofs of Christianity "were insufficient or sufficient only to create a sense of probability. Christianity was apprehended by a faculty essentially different. It was called faith. But what was faith? On what did it rest? Was it as if mankind had been born with but four senses by which to form their notions of things external to them, and that a fifth, sight, was conferred on favoured individuals, which converted conjectures into certainty? I could not tell." Objectively and theoretically sufficient, yet relatively and practically the historical and philosophical proofs are insufficient. Faith in Newman's sense is not a faculty, old or new (as it is represented to be in *Lux Mundi*), but an act, which in the sense already described may be called a venture. Furthermore, it is substantially a natural act, though *de facto* elevated by grace. It is prior to the theological act of faith, being its prerequisite condition. Christianity according to Newman is apprehended by conscience, or perhaps more exactly through conscience, provided the conscience be obeyed. Purity of heart is the condition for seeing God. But purity of heart is a state, and not a distinct faculty.

We must now bring this part of our notice to an end, thanking Mr. Wilfrid Ward heartily for the book as a whole, but more especially for his able analysis of the results of the movement on which we have dwelt at such length. We hope in our next notice to deal with the two volumes under their biographical aspect.

La Certosa di Pesio.

THE English and other foreign sojourners along the sun-kissed shores of the Riviera, rarely linger among its palms and olives beyond the regulation season during which they have sought a refuge from their own fog-haunted and ice-bound homes, whether in the peaceful, decorous monotony of Mentone, or in the moneyed luxury of Cannes, the sparkling vivacity of Nice, or the fair and foul and fatal Monte Carlo, or the long low stretch of Italian shore beyond. So it may seem at first sight superfluous to mention the fact that, should any wayworn traveller, or frail invalid, seek a cool shelter during the sweltering summer months which broil and bake the toughest of *indigènes* to an almost unendurable pitch, there are such to be found within easy distance of all the above-named towns, though little known or visited by the ordinary English tourist.

Far be it from us to say that these summer resting-places are in any way the equal of Swiss mountains or Pyrenean health-resorts, of Scotch lake-sides, or Norman bathing-stations, fondly though their frequenters may boast of their beauties and virtues. Still, *necessitas non habet legem*, as one of our party is in the habit of reminding us; and we who cannot fly much further afield than the extent of a few hours' journey, must needs explore the surrounding country, and seek a *villeggiatura* for the coming summer. Where shall it be? Surely some cool nooks are to be found amid those verdure-clad mountains and snow-tipped Alps which tower majestically, range upon range, between the sea-level and the vague, far-away countries beyond—Switzerland, or Northern France, or Lombardy? Each white winding road loses itself in some wooded valley opening Alpwards; every peasant bearing wine or oil-load comes down "from the mountains;" mountain resorts are cool, all the world over, bracing and health-giving, from Malvern Hills to the Pyrenees; give us then the mountains, we cry, hopefully. So

we investigate and inquire, first confidently, then doubtfully, then lose ourselves in a vague sea of perplexities and anxieties, as the days creep on, each hotter and hotter, and every fair phantasm, or project, or airy castle, fades on close inspection, like the very mirage it seems to be. Finally, we send one of our number, like the dove from the ark, to reconnoitre and report, ere with bag and baggage we make our venture.

Its result—well, the first result was an adventure with an assassin—but that, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says, is another story; its result, as regards summer resorts within a few miles of the Riviera, is summed up in the following pages.

The Niçois, as a rule, spend their summers at the mountain village, high up amid rain and snow, called St. Martin Lantosque. It is quite a colony of them, and they bring up all their own gossip, and cliques, and etiquettes, and elegant costumes, with which to beguile their summer days; and they make excursions and pilgrimages, and take donkey-rides, and clamber up stony mountain-paths in high-heeled shoes, quite happily, year after year, taking their villas summer after summer, a year in advance, and asking nothing more of fortune or fate. Yet its climate is stigmatized by its *habitués* as damp and variable, sunshine and snowstorm alternating in midsummer with bewildering rapidity; and it is undeniably dull and resourceless enough to require the utmost seasoning which an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of their neighbours, and perhaps some slight indifference to strict veracity or to the feelings of others, can afford in lieu of more positive enjoyment. The long drive of eight or nine hours which necessarily prefaces a sojourn there, is praised by its frequenters as equal to the finest Swiss scenery; but then, in all probability, *they have never seen Switzerland!*

Then the Mentonese are developing for themselves a *villeggiatura*, in a quaint, but cramped little mountain village called Molinetto, or Moulinet, whose only recommendation is its moderately bracing air. You have the perils of a precipitous ascent, whose reputation is perhaps even worse than its reality, for to Swiss travellers the narrow winding road, just wide enough for one carriage to pass securely, would seem ordinary enough. Only, when you reach it, you feel yourself absolutely *au bout du monde*, and that without any compensating advantages. No level walks within the valley, no drives, save backwards along the way we came, only some few straggling

and uninviting mountain-paths, a dirty, uninteresting village, one small hotel *restaurant*, and one slightly better pension, at which the capabilities of the season *chef* were kept in check by stern personal supervision on the part of the manageress; in fact, two or three weeks of imprisonment in this isolated spot seemed more than sufficient, if not for health of body, at least for gaiety of mind.

At this, as at other kindred summer stations along the Franco-Italian frontier, the chief preoccupation of the officials, in the absence of casino or promenade, appears to be an insane desire to unearth a specimen of that miserable "profession," which it has been reserved for an English-speaking writer of our own times to boast of holding. Every evening a pair of pompous *gendarmes*, with cocked hats and swords complete, made their appearance at the gate of the little pension where we stayed, to learn the latest intelligence of arrivals; every wayside inn along this, as also on the Spanish frontier, being bound to furnish rigorous information as to its newly-arrived guests, within twenty-four hours of their appearance on the scene. How this *carnet de police* can serve to identify a spy, who surely must be well able to furnish false names and details, used sometimes to puzzle us, but that the authorities regard it in grim earnest we have had many opportunities of learning, almost to our cost.

But to return to Moulinet. Many little incidents, insignificant perhaps in themselves, serve to remind one of the semi-hostile position of France and Italy. Sometimes a group of two or three engineer officers, for the most part in plain clothes, would make unexpected appearance amongst us, hot, dusty, and foot-sore, after a long and fatiguing tramp of many hours across the mountains, to examine into the state of the roads, and report on outlying military posts away in the wilds. New maps being marked out, old boundaries traced, all manner of half-official, half-gossiping talk, enlivened the tedium of our small *table d'hôte* on these occasions. Then, if one chanced to go somewhat farther afield, across the mountains (near Giandola), and linger beside the frontier outposts along the smooth white carriage-road which led southwards, one might not unfrequently see some slouching form, clad in Italian uniform, entering the nearest guard-room; a deserter, who has slipped across the frontier to "get his papers," and seek more lucrative employment in France than may easily be found in

his own tax-laden country. Sketching, by the way, is a dangerous pastime along these border-lands. One of our party was arrested, and detained in custody for three or four hours, on the very unfounded charge of "making a plan of the frontier," because he happened to note down some expenses in his pocket-book, within sight of the ever-suspicious watchers around; and an English consul from the vicinity told us he had been more than once arrested, pencil in hand, on suspicion of studying too intently some picturesque fortification which happened to come within the range of his innocent sketch-board.

We were not sorry to bid farewell to Moulinet, and retrace our steps down the steep mountain road to its neighbour and post-town, Sospel, a hot, dirty, little garrison town, where diligences cross and recross each other, to Nice and Mentone on the one hand, Giandola beyond the mountains on the other, and so across the frontier to Cuneo, the chief town of the neighbouring Italian province, which brings one back to railway land and northern Italy.

We, however, are bound for a different destination, or rather a two-fold destination; the rival establishments which have both been converted from Carthusian monasteries into hydropathic hotels or summer pensions. Every one knows, by reputation at least, the famous Grande Chartreuse, founded by St. Bruno, near Grenoble; famed as well for its picturesque site as for its world-renowned liqueur; and many of us have wandered also through the deserted cloisters of the beautiful "Certosa" at Pavia or Florence. Here, however, the erewhile abodes of piety and learning are neither peopled by the descendants of their ancient owners nor abandoned "to the moles and the bats." They are simply transformed, with but little alteration, the cells into sleeping-rooms, the refectories and reception-rooms into dining and reading-rooms, and thus converted into modern hotels. Both, too, style themselves "Etablissements Hydropathiques," though the water cure, represented by a few dingy bath-rooms and unused douches, is, in sober truth, the very last object of any present visitor to either.

The first of the two, and nearest to civilization as represented by the Riviera, is San Dalmazzo di Tenda; a long, low building, nestling amid the massive foliage of its own lovely wooded grounds, through which runs a rustling miniature river sending off streamlets and meandering among greenest fields,

almost England-like in their cool shadowy glades. With its rustic seats, and bridges here and there, cool retreats of summer house or bower hidden away in quiet nooks, a quaint little island lying within the dividing arms of the Roya, which tumbles along so boisterously on its pebbly bed, for those who seek a quiet summer retreat St. Dalmazzo may, as its guide-book proudly affirms, be considered well fitted to become a favourite resort. Its one weak point, however, for delicate people, is its climate. Those lovely green swards, those shady groves, that reposeful trickling and plashing of "water, water everywhere," have a meaning to the experienced traveller not to be denied. We are not all equally susceptible to climate, however, and let those who fear St. Dalmazzo pass, with us, onwards and upwards, through the weird and unique tunnel, $3\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres in length, a drive of some thirty minutes or so under the mountain, with the feeble light of a few oil lamps stretching out like faint stars along the darkness, and the echoing shouts and objurations of our drivers alternating with the drip and splash of water overhead, falling in great raindrops upon us as we pass along, until we emerge again into the welcome sunlight, with our barometer quivering almost to bursting under the high pressure of the rarefied air. On to Limone, a quiet country posting town, where diligences and waggons stop at intervals throughout the day to rest and change horses, and pass onwards to Cuneo or Nice, and after that a drive—such a cool, tranquil, refreshing drive in the early morning light, past fields and through villages and along quiet country roads, to the *other* Certosa, La Certosa di Pesio.

In the villages, whose roughly paved streets we clatter noisily through, there seems little to note, save an abundance of quaint, old world signboards, hanging well out over the doorways; rows of quite *real*-looking pasteboard rolls and loaves at the bakers,' high Hessian boots or dainty slippers to mark the cobbler, and of course a variety of devices before each *café* or *buvette*; "The Red Cock," "The White Horse," "Three Fishermen," as gorgeous as brilliant paint and a lively imagination could make them. Then there are the usual religious frescoes of Madonna or saint or Scripture story, adorning each blank wall, and wonderfully untouched by weather; reminding one that one is in the land of Raffaele and Michel Angelo, the very home of art, where light and colour and inspiration seem drawn in with every breath.

So on and on, past Chiusa, and quiet little San Bartolomeo, the nearest village to our final objective, and then at length we catch the gleam of white walls lying low beneath the setting sun, peeping out from a long vista of stately trees and masses of greenest foliage. What exquisite sites those old Carthusian founders seem invariably to have chosen for their dwelling places! Their very name conjures up scenes of beauty. The Certosa di Pavia, with its sculptured cloisters, the graceful range of arches and picturesque surroundings of the Florentine Certosa, the varying beauties of the French Chartreuses, more especially of that world-famed one, La Grande Chartreuse, all are pilgrim-shrines of stately beauty, to the artist as well as to the antiquary. And this mountain monastery, so painfully debased from a home of learning and sanctity to become a modern hotel and hydropathic cure-house, is no exception to the rule. In the empty monasteries which tourists may visit elsewhere, some touch of romance still lingers, as they flock, with noisy, curious steps, along the desolate corridors, or peer irreverently into cell or chapel; but here, at Pesio, the cloister echoes are by no means silent. White-robed figures, no longer monkly garbs, but dainty muslins or frilled confections, flit hither and thither. Gay laughter and the babble of many tongues echo through the balmy air. Flower-decked gardens and splashing fountains fill the cloister square beyond, and children run and play beneath the old oak or chestnut-trees planted by some saintly Brother's hand.

The contrast between past and present is all the more striking, in that the Carthusian Order was—indeed is—one of the severest in existence. Perpetual abstinence from meat, even in time of sickness, almost perpetual silence, the one meal a day taken separately, each in his own narrow cell, whence its occupant emerges but to join in the Offices of the Church, or to labour with his own hands in garden or field. The Carthusian monk lives, like his founder, apart from, and forgotten by, the world, and thus, amid all the wars, heresies, and corruptions of the middle ages, has preserved his primitive austerity and purity unsullied. To redeem the desert waste and make it "blossom like the rose;" to create or enrich noble libraries with the life-work of pen or brush; such was the two-fold work of the Carthusian Order, even down to the time when their English Charterhouse brethren fell on Henry's scaffolds. "I never,"

says Mrs. Jameson in her sympathetic sketch of this Order, "saw a Carthusian monk who did not look like a gentleman."

But here, at La Certosa di Pesio, the ruthless hand of time, or more correctly speaking that of the political renovator and revolutionist, has emptied these white walls of their peaceful inhabitants, and repopled them with a busy and very mundane array of waiters, porters, chamber-maids, and the rest, who flit hither and thither unceasingly, in swallow-tails or white aprons, tray or broom in hand, ministering to the busy, merry guests. Here is a young English lady, sketching a tall group of lilies and a bit of archway beyond; there a party of botanists are returning from some long and fruitful ramble; groups of Turinese or Milanese sit chatting lazily together, awaiting the welcome sound of the dinner-bell. Meanwhile, the great bell clangs loudly and harshly at the entrance gate as a landau full of new arrivals dashes up to it, while perhaps a pair of lovers—though lovers are out of place in these public gatherings—steal quietly away towards the woods. Each quiet family group has excursionized over the hills, or chatted over their mid-day *café noir* with cigar or work, in leisurely Italian style, until dinner-time, and now they flock into the big, cool dining-room, to enjoy an excellent repast, the *menu* of which brings a smile to English lips over one mysterious entry, *Aristin de mouton*, which turns out to be an unmistakeable *Irish stew*! After dinner there is music in the drawing-room and dancing, and occasionally some performance from a travelling conjurer, who reaps no mean harvest when the hat goes round, and once again an evening of private theatricals, played with exceeding ease and grace by a party of lively Italian guests, *artistes* all through, as if "to the manner born." Or some of us may cluster round the good old Italian *padre*, who comes over from Chiusa to spend Saturday nights and say Mass on Sundays, and who has written a book on the locality and is proud to point out the remains of cell or refectory along the cloister wall, with ever-ready chat of traditionary or antiquary lore.

Not many records of historical interest cluster round the past memories of La Certosa di Pesio. The first mention is in 1173, when the Lords of Morozzo gave and ceded to Ulderigo, a Carthusian Prior, all this tract of land for his Order, "to build thereon a church in honour of God, and of the Holy Virgin, and of St. John the Baptist." The church and monastery were built, and the land cultivated, till, at the time of the Napoleonic

invasion of Italy, in 1802, the suppression of the Religious Orders drove the monks into exile, and confiscated their property to the State. Later on it was bought by a private proprietor, the father of the present owner, who arranged it as a hydropathic establishment, and left it to his now widowed daughter, a charming and gracious Italian lady, by whom it is let to the Monaco hotel-keeper, who "runs" it, as our American friends would say, during the short summer season, June to September.

Visitors during the month of August come in for the yearly festival of La Madonna dell' Ardua, which "since the times of the Saracens," as local accounts have it, has been held on the 7th of that month. Those whose windows look outwards under the long, leafy shades of the chestnut avenues without the monastery gates, may be awakened, early that morning, by the sweet rise and fall of many voices, chanting as they pass in long, slow procession, towards the mountain chapel on the heights above. Two by two comes the glimmer of white-robed girls, veiled women, scarlet-cottaed choristers, blue-ribboned confraternities, moving slowly on in almost endless iteration; here and there a banner, or a crucifix, or a group of priests, and then all the peasants in the neighbourhood, two by two, their voices just softened a little by distance, with slow even pace gliding like shadows from another world, or like some picture of Fra Angelico's blessed ones passing from shade to shade of the everlasting bowers of delight. Then, after the early morning Mass, and breakfast on the green-sward, they come down to where, outside the monastery-hotel gate, a tiny fair is set up. Booths of cheap toys, fairings in gingerbread, and sweets, and shining tin-ware, and bright, many-coloured handkerchiefs. The youths, who have already spent some of their treasured earnings on the gaudiest of kerchiefs for themselves, now linger before these gay *fazzoletti*, ever most acceptable of offerings for a *sposa*, or a *promessa*, e.g., one who has already received the quaint silver barrel of cakes or confectionery which in these parts constitutes the betrothal gift, and ensures fidelity to the giver.

Then the hotel visitors, in their dainty toilettes, glad of some fresh distraction, invade the scene, fluttering from stall to stall, and buying tinsel brooches, or bright, many-hued, artificial butterflies, with which to adorn themselves at the coming theatricals; and so the cool, pleasant days pass on, while echoes only of insufferable, perishing heat come from the world beyond.

There is an old, old story, which every one has heard, of an aged monk who sat one day pondering upon the wondrous thought, Eternity! It was doubtless a frequent subject of his meditations, and one which he had surveyed under many different aspects; but on this day we may picture it to have been a fair, still, sunny morning, just such as one of those which we ourselves so often may have dreamed away, lying under the deep, cool shade of the chestnut, or lighter flickering shadows of some graceful olive, upon these very mountain-sides of Pesio, or elsewhere; and as he sat or knelt in half devout, half perplexed speculation over the mystery of that endless, timeless future, which was to lose itself in everlasting ages, the thought would recur: "How was it possible to live out a timeless, limitless, everlasting Now?" Would not hours be ever hours, days ever golden periods, even if filled to overflowing with worship and delight, and the reaping of fruitful harvests of bliss, the "pleasures for evermore" of the paradise of God?

As he thus mused, he became aware of a little bird which, perched on a branch before him, was trilling forth a song. The monk listened, and as he listened the song grew louder and clearer, until its hearer seemed almost to lose himself in ecstasy. It was but for a moment, or at least so it seemed, though as the good Father started from his absorption he thought he perceived, by the lengthening shadows, that the hour of noon had passed. Lifting his burden, the faggots he had come out to gather, he bent his steps slowly downwards, over the rough, jagged pathway, which seemed to have grown even rougher since his ascent, and stood at length before the convent gate.

Something strange and unfamiliar about his surroundings—was it the old lichen-stained walls, or that long avenue of spreading chestnuts, or . . . surely the almond-trees were not in bloom when he passed by them but now? He went up to the gate and rang, as was the custom. A fair-haired porter answered the summons of the clanging bell; *a stranger*. Had some new-comer entered during his absence? He entered; the Brother who had opened standing amazed.

"Reverend Father," he cried, "you are a stranger, I see. I pray you wait a while."

"I, Brother, a stranger? Nay, I have but been absent one short hour? Is it Vesper-tide?"

The porter looked again, then ran affrighted to Father Prior. The Father Prior came, and *he too was a stranger*. Then one

and another clustered round the poor old monk, who looked from each to each, bewildered and amazed. "Who are you?" they cried, "Whence come you, and what is your name?"

Then, "Brethren," he cried, "I know not what this means. This morning I went forth, as is my custom, to gather sticks for firewood, and as I rested after my labour (for I am old), and meditated on Divine things, yea, even upon the shortness of time, the length of eternity, I heard the singing of a bird; and its song did so enthrall me that mayhap I lingered longer than I wist. And now after a brief absence I return, to find strange faces, unfamiliar forms, in the place where but this morn I left my brethren all. Brother Placidus, Brother Maurus, Brother porter Justus, and the others; where are they all? What means it?"

The Prior answered not; but beckoning the trembling monk into the place where the convent records were kept, "Your name, Brother?" he said. "I am called Brother Egidius," faltered the old man. And then the Prior turned page after page before them all, and read, how one hundred years ago a certain Brother Egidius (in the time of Prior Benedict) had gone forth one day and never returned; and the brethren had mourned him as dead. "And at that time," he read, "the brethren were numbered thus: Placidus, Maurus, Justus, and the rest."

It was even so. One hundred years, *an unappreciable moment in eternity*, had gone by while the bird sang its simple song.

They took Brother Egidius to a cell—his own old cell—and they tended him gently, and gave him food and wine; while he perchance recounted some of the marvellous thoughts which had come to him in that brief moment; then he joined his brethren at the Compline hymn. And some say he lived on in their midst for many a year; and some, that, weary of the new world into which he had returned, he quietly "fell asleep" ere many days had passed, and so entered on his true eternity.

The legend itself is well known, it is a quaint and touching one, quoted here but for its connection with the place, for the monastery where "Brother Egidius" dwelt was no other than this, La Certosa di Pesio; and yonder wooded hill is—so they say—the very scene of the incident. There, where a simple iron cross now rises between earth and sky, is the spot where the monk Egidius slept his long, long sleep; and thither now—so ingeniously does human need turn to its own use the legends of

the past—do the country peasants repair, to pray for a cure for sleeplessness!

As a commercial speculation the modern presentment of La Certosa has not proved uniformly successful. Various hotel proprietors, from Monaco and elsewhere, have essayed to make their season, having the place on hire, during the brief holiday time of summer sojourners: but the season is too short, the expenses too great, to bring much profit; and with the first shower of autumn leaves, our holiday-makers take their flight, leaving the trim gardens and chilly cloisters to their present owner, a kindly Italian widow lady, who reserves for her own use one wing of the monastic building, and lingers on till driven back to civilization and Turin by the deep, dead level of winter's snow. Then, as the great gates close behind the last living occupant, we may fancy that other, more ghostly shades, flit to and fro, a silent, white-robed multitude again invade its solitude. Here and there, upon the leafless boughs beyond, a bird's clear note rises heavenward; and clusters of white mountain edelweiss alone pierce with their humble heads the heavy pall of snow.

T. L. L. TEELING.

Reviews.

I.—THE WORKS OF ST. BERNARD.¹

THE highest praise is due to any one who enables us moderns to read with ease the works of the great men of old. And the Fathers of the Church above all should be brought within the range of this religiously short-sighted nineteenth century. There is a little publication of Archbishop Ullathorne's which may have passed out of memory—*Sermons with Prefaces*—and which any one wishing to acquire an appetite for the Fathers would do well to read. Or again, the translations from St. Augustine and St. John Chrysostom by Miss Allies would have the same effect: or, once more, the excellent General Preface to his edition of St. Bernard by Don John Mabillon, inserted by our author at the beginning of his first volume. We refer to these writers by way of encouraging all who have the leisure to take up such a book as Dr. Eales' to see for themselves what treasures are hidden in those big tomes which usually terrify the ordinary reader—the *Opera omnia* of the Fathers. The truth is, as Dr. Ullathorne remarks in the little work cited above, it is the apparent size of the books that frightens most people, whereas many of the treatises in them are no longer and often shorter than a modern shilling pamphlet. And if "our separated brethren," instead of writing pamphlets or works of greater moment against the Catholic Church would but diligently read a daily quantum of the Fathers, they would with God's blessing see what others have seen before them, that as the Fathers are at one in whatever concerns revealed doctrine, so we of the Catholic Church are at one with all the Fathers. Another fact they would see, as it was seen by the fair and broad-minded Maitland (*The Dark Ages*), that not only the Fathers, but the ordinary monks also and even those to whom they spoke or

¹ *The Works of St. Bernard.* Edited by S. J. Eales, D.C.S. London: Burns and Oates.

for whom they wrote were more familiar with Holy Scripture than to our shame, be it said, we moderns ever are. This is notably true of St. Bernard. By him Holy Writ is not simply *quoted*: it may almost be said to be *the material* of his work, vivifying it as the soul does the body. This it is, together with his sanctity and the natural beauty of his character, which gives to his writings their peculiar and wonderful power, their charm, their ever-fresh savour. This it is which earned for him such titles as *Doctor Mellifluus*, *Apis Gallicana*, and Θεοδιδάκτος—Doctor sweet as honey, Gallic Bee, Taught of God.

To bring such a writer before the public in the vernacular tongue is no easy task. A reverent fidelity must guide the pen, and Dr. Eales seems to have kept this ever before his mind. His aim seems to have been to be so faithful to his original as hardly to let a word escape direct translation or be put out of place. The result is a translation of considerable value, and if its fidelity is perhaps a little exaggerated, this from one point of view is a fault on the right side. Still may we urge that there is a fidelity which is unto death, in a certain sense; for the Spirit it is that quickeneth, the latter killeth; and we think, that in any future translations from St. Bernard which Dr. Eales may some day issue, he should prevail upon himself to do some violence to his reverence and to aim rather at putting before us more of the soul of the Saint's words by using a bolder and a more English pen. He has done it in many passages when the eloquence of the original, perhaps, made him almost forget that he was only a translator. As, for instance, in the following lines: "Think what care He uses for your salvation, and wonder; behold the abyss of His love and trust Him, O ye sinners. He wills not your death, but that you may turn and live; for now He seeks occasion, not against you, but for your benefit. What opportunity has God not tried and sought out, when the Almighty deigns to summon to His service murderers, robbers, adulterers, perjurers, and those guilty of other crimes, as if they were a people that dealt righteously? Doubt Him not, O sinners, God is kind. If He willed to punish you, He not only would not seek your service, but would not accept it when offered. Again I say, weigh the riches of the goodness of the highest God, hear His plan of mercy. He makes or feigns a need for Himself, while He desires to help your necessity. He wills to be held a debtor, that He may give pay to those that fight for Him, pardon of

sins and everlasting glory. Therefore I may call it a highly favoured generation, which has happened upon a time so full of indulgence, upon which has come that acceptable year of the Lord, a very jubilee." (Letter ccclxiii.)

There are many passages equal and even superior to this. To pass now to details. The size of the book is well chosen. The title, however, would be more explicit if these two volumes of *St. Bernard's Works* were distinguished on the back as containing only his letters. The South Counties Press, Lewes, deserves commendation for its excellent printing. One would like to have seen the portraits of St. Bernard from which the author selected that which faces the title-page. There is nothing to tell us whence it comes or by whom designed: an omission which takes from the value of such a print. It looks like a production of the last century. The Saint's face is attractive, in spite of its emaciation; but is it the face we have been accustomed to assign to St. Bernard?

The title-page bears no date of publication; an omission which may be regretted at some future date. There is an interesting and valuable note on the authenticity of St. Bernard's seal, as given on the title-page. There is but one erratum: a surprising thing in two such volumes. But surely this is another, "How can you, who once *wast*"? (p. 375.) Again, the Index refers but once to Abbot Suger, whereas several letters were written to him; and to several Peters, but not to Peter of Cluny, to whom it refers only under Cluny. We must not omit to notice that the titles at the head of each letter are very clear and the argument of each excellent.

Before bidding God-speed to this very meritorious work, we offer as a specimen of its contents the following extract from Letter cxiii. "To the Virgin Sophia, congratulating her on leaving all things for Christ."

Let other women, then, who have not any other hope, contend for the cheap, fleeting, and paltry glory of things that vanish and deceive. Do you cling to the hope that confounds not. Do you keep yourself, I say, "for that far more exceeding weight of glory, which our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh" (2 Cor. iv. 17.) for you on high. And if the daughters of Belial reproach you, those who walk with "stretched forth necks mincing as they go" (Isaias iii. 16), decked out and adorned like the Temple, answer them: "My time is not yet come, but yours is always ready" (St. John vii. 6); answer them: "My glory is hid with Christ in God; when Christ, who

is my life, shall appear, then shall I also appear with Him in glory." (Coloss iii. 3, 4.) And yet if one needs must glory, you also may glory freely and fearlessly, only in the Lord. I omit the crown which the Lord hath prepared for you for ever. I say nothing of the promises which await you hereafter, that as a happy bride you are to be admitted to behold with open face the glory of your Bridegroom; that He will "present you to Himself a glorious bride, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing" (Ephes. v. 27); that He will receive you in an everlasting embrace, will place "His left hand under your head, and His right hand shall embrace you." (Cant. ii. 6.) . . . I say nothing of that new song which you, a virgin among virgins, shall likewise sing in tunes of unrivalled sweetness, rejoicing therein and making glad the City of God, singing and running and "following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

2.—CARDINAL POLE.¹

Although Cardinal Pole held a prominent position among those who supported the Catholic Church in England and who laboured earnestly for its restoration after the disturbances and calamities of Edward VI.'s reign, comparatively little is known about his life and actions, far less, indeed, than about some of his contemporaries, men inferior to him in every way. We possess no impartial or very trustworthy biography of him; and now it is to a foreigner that we are indebted for the Life recently published, and which is valuable as bearing the mark of laborious, painstaking research and careful investigation of facts. It is besides, highly appreciative of the man himself; his letters, a great number of which have been preserved, are largely quoted, and they reveal to us his true character, his youthful aspirations, the patience wherewith he bore contradiction and failure, his zeal and piety, his disregard of earthly advantages when they clashed with the service of God and the interests of religion.

The descendant of a family of high rank, whose claim on the maternal side to the crown caused its members to be regarded with jealousy by the Tudor Kings, Reginald Pole was educated at Oxford, and afterwards went to Italy, where the brightest and happiest years of his life were spent, amid a

¹ *Kardinal Pole, sein Leben und seine Schriften.* Ein Beitrag zur Kirchengeschichte des 16. Jahrhunderts. Von Athanasius Zimmermann, S.J. Regensburg, New York, and Cincinnati: Friedrich Pustet. 1893.

circle of chosen friends. But whilst absent from his native country, her needs and her troubles were ever near his heart, and when, at the age of twenty-seven years, he returned to England, the firm opposition he offered to the King's ecclesiastical policy, his denunciation of the servility, the ambition, the intrigues of the prelates about the Court, awoke the animosity of the despotic monarch. Judging that, under the circumstances, his resistance to the royal designs could effect no good, he went back to Italy, and resumed the studies and social intercourse in which he delighted. Meanwhile he followed with keen anxiety the course of events in England, and made every effort to bring about a reconciliation between Henry VIII. and the Holy See. On the appointment of a council *de emendanda ecclesia* by Pope Paul III., Pole was summoned to Rome to take part in it. Shortly before, he had been raised to the Cardinalate, on account of the renown he had acquired for learning and piety, and because the Pope thought his elevation might be of advantage to the distressed Church in England. He was also nominated Papal Legate, but the hostile attitude of the King, who set a price on his head, prevented him from entering the kingdom. Henry vented his anger on the mother and brother of Cardinal Pole, the former of whom, as is well known, was executed, and has since been enrolled in the list of English Martyrs recently beatified.

Notwithstanding his exemplary life, and the esteem in which he was held by all good men, Cardinal Pole was subject to persecution and cruel accusations. In spite of his bold defence of the Church in his writings, his desire for the reform of ecclesiastical discipline, the charge of holding heretical opinions was brought against him, and he had the mortification of seeing the frustration of all his efforts and negotiations on behalf of his suffering fellow-countrymen. And when, on the accession of Mary to the throne, a reaction took place, Pole was for a whole year not allowed to return to England, because of the disfavour with which he regarded the Spanish marriage. When at length he was recalled, he exerted himself with the most energetic and unsparing devotion to promote reunion with Rome, the re-establishment of religion, the restoration of law, order, morals in the land. In 1556 he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. It was no easy task to repair the havoc made under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and Pole met with contradictions and difficulties not only from the Protestants,

but in quarters where they might be least expected. His solicitude for the amelioration of the condition of the clergy, the advance of learning at the Universities, the spread of Catholic truth by means of sermons and devotional works, the revival of the Religious Orders, render him one of the truest benefactors of his country. His death occurred in 1559.

We conclude this notice of Father Zimmermann's work—which will be no less welcome to the student of ecclesiastical history than to the reader of Christian biography—by quoting the passage in which he gives the impression that the study of Cardinal Pole's character has left on his mind.

Cardinal Pole was not an intellectual giant, nor was he one of those strong characters who bear down all opposition, and carry all before them with irresistible force. He was not an original thinker, one who makes new ways for men to walk in, he was a sensitive and impressionable nature, most loveable, and an enthusiastic lover of all that is good and beautiful. Naturally of a docile and pliant disposition, ready to compassionate and excuse, he acquired in the school of suffering, and in due consideration of the duties of his position, a more than ordinary firmness and determination, which never failed to attract, coupled as it was with extreme gentleness and kindness of heart. Whoever once experienced the charm this good magician exercised, could not cast off the spell, but became deeply attached to him for ever after. He seemed made by nature, as all his contemporaries without exception acknowledged, to bring about the reunion of England with the Holy See, and it was owing to no fault of his that his work proved of no stability. (p. 378.)

3.—LOURDES: YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.¹

Mrs. Meynell has done a work for which all Catholics will be grateful, in translating from the French a book about Lourdes that summarizes the history in a very attractive form, and is still more attractive on account of the telling and effective illustrations with which it is adorned. A German artist has painted a number of water-colour pictures of the most interesting scenes that are connected with the story of the apparition, and with the wonders that have marked it from the first bubbling forth of the miraculous spring up to the present day, and his pictures have been most skilfully repro-

¹ *Lourdes: Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow.* By Daniel Barbé. Translated by Alice Meynell. London: Burns and Oates.

duced in colour. They put before the reader most vividly those sacred spots familiar to every visitor to Lourdes, and recall his visit to the grotto, to the well, to the basilica, as well as those long processions in which he has piously joined or watched admiringly from a distance. If the author tells us little respecting Lourdes that has not been related in previous histories, his popularly written pages will find favour with many who would not undertake the perusal of a more lengthy account of all that has taken place there. He gives a clear and succinct narrative of the apparitions to Bernadette, of the early endeavours of the civil authorities to put a stop to the first outburst of local devotion at the Grotto, and of the caution observed by the ecclesiastical authorities in sanctioning it.

The chapter on miracles shows the truth of what those outside the Church are so slow to believe, that it is not every case of supposed cure that is accepted as miraculous by the medical men who preside at the examination of those who believe themselves to have been healed. The greatest care is used in sifting each case, so that where there is any doubt the alleged case is either set aside altogether, or relegated to the category of *graces*. These may involve nothing miraculous and simply be the result of natural forces acting according to natural laws, though, at the same time, they are none the less an answer to the pious prayers of the faithful. The tone throughout the book is moderate and sensible, and it contains nothing at which a Protestant could reasonably take offence. It is got up in first-rate style, and will be a most valuable gift-book for the Christmas season.

4.—THE LABOUR QUESTION.¹

Catholic social and economic literature has multiplied very rapidly during the last dozen years in France and Belgium, and we may, we believe, safely say that in scarcely any other department of science was there so great need of sound Catholic teaching. Fifteen years ago the Catholic student of Political Economy found himself in a very forlorn and helpless position. He necessarily felt that the subject-matter of his studies was intimately bound up with Moral Philosophy, or at all events that a very large number of most important economical questions possessed ethical aspects, which must affect their

¹ *La Question Ouvrière*. Par L'Abbé P. Feret. Paris: Lethielleux.

solution in a very decisive manner. On the other hand, he could find few works by Catholic writers handling these questions with sufficient ability, both from the economic and ethical standpoints. The admirable work done by Le Play, and the writings of Sismondi and Perin, undoubtedly contained much matter of great value. Still, many points which English economists, at all events, handled at great length, were ignored or treated of but very summarily by these foreign writers. Fortunately we have now changed all this, and the Catholic student entering on a course of economic reading can find some good Catholic work on almost every question. Not to mention the excellent introduction to English economic literature, from a Catholic point of view, which Mr. Devas' writings supply, there has grown up within little more than a decade quite a rich Catholic literature dealing with all the most important questions regarding the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, the relations of labour and capital, the effects of various systems of land tenure, forms of commerce, and all other economic topics of any interest.

The work before us is an example of this movement in Catholic literature, and we can commend it to our readers as containing a great deal of useful and interesting information in comparatively small bulk. The volume does not pretend to be a treatise on the whole field of Political Economy; it aims merely at a solution of the Labour Question, but in doing so it necessarily touches on a good many portions of the general field of Economic Science. The ethical side of the problem is, as we should naturally expect, well to the fore, but at the same time the Abbé Feret shows himself thoroughly conversant with the economic aspects of the issues raised. The volume is divided into an Introduction and three Books. The Introduction contains a number of interesting extracts from resolutions passed by various large Catholic congresses on the continent in recent years, together with a commentary on a considerable portion of the Papal Encyclical. The purport of this portion of the book is to establish the truth that the solution of the Labour Question is not to be reached by any *laissez-faire* policy which leaves capital and labour, and the various classes of labourers, to fight out the battle in a sanguinary struggle for life where the strongest is to have it all his own way. The author's conception of the functions of Government, and the degree in which State interference and control are desirable,

will probably not command the assent of all English readers. Still his insistence on the moral and religious bearing of the issues at stake, must win the approval of every thoughtful man. The body of the work unfolds at length the views indicated briefly in the preliminary sketch. *Livre I.* discusses the question of property in two chapters. The first examines the ethical justification of private ownership, and the second gives a brief account of the various systems of socialism or communism which have denied the right of private property, or endeavoured to do away with it. *Livre II.*, which is entitled "*Le Droit à la Vie par le Travail*," contains four chapters dealing with the hygienic conditions of labour, the wage question, and the amelioration of the workman's condition. *Livre III.*, entitled "*Compléments et Éclaircissements*," touches on a great variety of questions, including interests, price, Marx's theory of value, competition, free-trade, pauperism, luxury, inventions, &c.

The feature of Abbé Feret's book most open to unfavourable criticism is, we believe, the extremely wide range of topics over which he permits himself to range. This inevitably has often the effect of giving a superficial appearance to his handling of questions which, we have no doubt, he could have treated in an efficient and satisfactory manner had he been able to devote to them the space which they deserve, if they are to be dealt with at all.

As regards the positive portion of his teaching on the Labour Question, the most noticeable characteristic, and the one most to be commended, is the vigorous manner in which he insists on the principle that the rate of wages cannot be left to be determined by the law of Demand and Supply. He earnestly insists on that most important passage of the Holy Father's Encyclical, which solemnly declares that, whatever be the wages which his necessitous condition may compel the labourer to accept, yet "above the free-will of both workman and employer there rises a law of natural justice more ancient and authoritative, which prescribes that the salary must not be insufficient to support the honest and sober labourer." And the author argues forcibly that the words of the Pope on this subject cannot be intended to exclude the support of the labourer's family without nullifying the whole significance of the Encyclical, and contradicting the Christian doctrine of the unity of the family, and man's right to marriage. It is well that we should be reminded of this great moral truth that the labourer's

just wage is the first charge on production, and that until this is fully discharged no other interest has a claim to reward. The theory of a rigidly determined wage-fund, which along with Malthus' doctrine of population, reigned supreme in the economic literature of this country from Ricardo to Fawcett, has so coloured our ways of looking at the wages question, that here in England we are often inclined to forget that human labour is not a mere commercial commodity, the price of which is to be determined absolutely, like all other articles of trade, by the law of demand and supply. The volume contains, as we have already observed, a great deal of interesting and useful information, and we cordially recommend it to our readers.

5.—CHRISTIAN ESCHATOLOGY.¹

In this work the learned Professor, Dr. Leonard Atzberger, has brought together all the evidence from the Old and New Testament bearing upon Eschatology, the science of the last things. The book will be found to be of special value to those who are engaged in teaching theology, as also to those whose duty it is to preach these subjects to the people. The relative value for argumentative purposes of the places from the Old Testament is primarily determined by the precise divisions of the work. The Pentateuch first gives its somewhat slender evidence. Then the historical, poetical, and prophetic books of the proto-canon are brought in due order to the bar. The deuterо-canonіcal Scriptures, with their far fuller witness, come last. Before dealing with the New Testament, a section of considerable length is devoted to the study of the Jewish Eschatology at the time of our Lord. The marked influence of Greek thought upon the mind of Jewry with regard to the after-life is well worked out, but it is hard indeed to understand and to systematize the mass of crude ideas begotten of this unseemly union of pagan philosophy and revelation. The third section, which deals with the New Testament Eschatology, is drawn up on a different principle from that which determined the treatment of the Old. A first article is concerned with the particular end of individuals, where death, the Particular Judgment, the immediate condition of the soul after death,

¹ *Die Christliche Eschatologie.* Von Dr. Atzberger, Professor der Theologie in München. Freiburg: Herder.

Heaven, Purgatory, and Hell, are dealt with. A second article handles the question of the Universal Consummation, Christ's Second Coming, the resurrection of the body, the General Judgment, the after-fate of the world, and "Afterwards the end when He shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God and the Father." (1 Cor. xv. 24.)

6.—THE SUCCESS OF PATRICK DESMOND.¹

The fact that Mr. Egan's new story, reprinted from the *Ave Maria*, is essentially American, and the characters he places on the scene of a type with which we are not very familiar on this side the Atlantic, will perhaps enhance the interest to be found in its perusal. The reader will be amused at the insight afforded him into the manners and modes of thought of a class of persons with whom he is not likely to be brought into personal contact. Human nature, however, is the same in all climes, and sympathy will be felt with the hero, a young man of Irish parentage, brought up in a country town, and wholly unversed in the ways of the world and the life of cities. Like many persons who do not look below the surface and behind the scenes, he imagines that the possession of riches ensures to a man unbroken happiness and entitles him to universal respect. Even the very qualities he admires in the object of his adoration, the daughter of a certain Judge Redwood, are in his eyes the outcome of money, and he passionately desires the riches which would enable him to feel himself her equal. Catholic though he is, carefully trained by pious parents, he does not perceive how diametrically opposed these ideas are to the maxims of the Gospel, and how vulgar and despicable are the impressions he allows to dominate him. His modest home, his work at the factory, become distasteful to him; he has but one object in his mind, one question occupies him, and this is, how to make money. Presently a situation, offered him in New York, gives him an opportunity to "better himself;" he there learns how much misery and moral degradation may be concealed under a glittering exterior and apparent prosperity.

Meanwhile, the young lady to whom we are introduced in the opening chapter is led to believe that her father has been

¹ *The Success of Patrick Desmond.* By Maurice Francis Egan. Notre Dame, Indiana: Office of the *Ave Maria*, 1893.

the means of depriving Patrick Desmond of the property and position which is his by right. She resolves to make restitution of the former, if possible; but just at this juncture, the failure of the mines in which the Judge has invested the principal part of his property, reduces them to comparative poverty. This misfortune brings on a stroke which is to him the forerunner of death; and while he is unable to attend to business, Eleanor transfers all the shares in the mine to Patrick Desmond. No sooner has she done so, than by an unforeseen turn of fortune, they regain more than their former value. Desmond's dream was then realized. By no effort of his own, but the mistaken generosity of another, he was rich beyond all his expectations.

Desmond thought the situation over. How wonderful it was. His life up to the time he had met Eleanor Redwood had been level, like a prairie; but from that moment the breath of the mountains and the sound of rushing waters had come into it. He had longed with all his heart for riches; he had dreamed of them. Success to him meant the possession of money and nothing more; he had planned over and over again the means by which he should attain this success—and it had come. He had sometimes an uncomfortable impression that his aims were not sufficiently high; but his experience in New York had taught him that he would shrink with all his heart from ill-gotten gains, and that much as he valued money, it had no charms for him unless it were clean. (p. 279.)

This avowed worshipper of the golden calf was however walking dangerously near the brink. One of his Protestant friends plainly tells him that finding a religion, supposed to be so spiritual, has no influence on his daily life, he has renounced all idea of becoming a Catholic.

You live to make money—only to make money—went on Mr. Stokes. You are one man on Saturday, another on Sunday. You would beggar a man, according to your business principles on Saturday, and toss him a dollar, according to your religious principles on Sunday. You will take something for nothing by a business trick, and defend it on business principles, which to my mind are not those which your priest preaches and reads from the pulpit. I see now by your example, that dogmas are inadequate to influence men, when they have so failed in your case. (p. 369.)

While Desmond still smarted under the sting of these reproaches, the moment came when he had to choose between God and mammon. We leave the reader to inquire for himself

what the circumstances were under which the strong temptation to victimize an unsuspecting fellow-creature for his own benefit by selling a worthless thing at a high price, presented itself to him. Suffice it to say that grace was given him to resist, to part with the golden future into which he had been gazing, to stop short in his hot pursuit of the wealth which appeared to him the *summum bonum* of earthly existence. Patrick Desmond failed to attain what the world calls success; he never became the opulent man he had dreamt of being, but he attained a far better success: the favour of God, the approval of his own conscience, the respect of all right-doers.

Eleanor Redwood is an instance of one whom the truth attracts quite irrespective of the conduct of those who profess it. When she as yet knew little about the Catholic Church, we are told, she knew that it was far superior to those who represented it to her, and impelled by a mysterious interior impulse, by almost imperceptible steps she was led into its fold.

It is to be hoped that this book may find a place on the shelves of every parish library, to which it will prove a most welcome addition, both as regards the interest of the narrative, and the excellent moral lessons it inculcates.

7.—POEMS OF THE PAST.¹

These poems possess many excellent qualities, and among them a singular simplicity which gives an interest to the whole volume. They are short poems—few are more than a couple of pages long—but consist of noble and beautiful thoughts expressed in plain and simple words. They do not pretend to be monuments of lyrical skill in finished style. The idea conveyed is always pure and noble, the strong and earnest conviction of the writer, the outcome of independent meditation. For the apology in the Introduction, namely, that these were stray thoughts

— penned in some stray leisure hour
Here interwoven without skill or art—

seems scarcely consistent with the character of some of the poems contained in the volume. Many of them are of a practical nature and have some resemblance to the inspiring

¹ *Poems of the Past.* By Moi-même. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

songs of Charles Mackey or Eliza Cook. "The Spider's Web" is a good example of this.

Within his den doth the spider lurk
Surveying the wreck, and then
With tireless effort resumes his work
And fashions a web again.

Of the higher class of poetry we take, at random, the "Feast of St. Teresa," from many others which are equal to it.

Still deeper were the draughts she drew
Of wisdom from that Fount divine,
Yet no diviner lore she knew
Than prayer and labour to combine.
O glorious Patron ; now replete
With endless and ecstatic joy.
Behold thy client at thy feet
Whose lips unworthy would employ
Thy pleadings at the throne above,
Where endless bliss is ever thine ;
O heart of pure seraphic love,
Obtain one burning spark for mine.

8.—SELECTIONS FROM THE VERSE OF AUGUSTA WEBSTER.¹

The *Selections from the Verse of Augusta Webster*, ranging over the wide field of poetic literature in all its varied branches, show that the gifted authoress is possessed of a great versatility of power and of dramatic talent of a high order. They evince an earnestness of purpose, an originality of conception, and a sympathetic analysis of character. In reading the poems, we are struck with the chasteness of the imagery, the delicacy of expression, and the sweetness and easy flow of the verse. There is a rare beauty and tenderness about many of the lighter pieces in the volume, such as "On the Shore" (p. 43), "A Song of the Spring-time" (p. 163), "Not to be" (p. 158), "The Heather" (p. 149). We quote the last-named poem in full :

The leagues of heather lie on moor and hill,
And make soft purple dimness and red glow ;
No butterfly may call the blithe wind chill
That brings the ruddy heather-bells a-blow.
The song-birds half forget the world is fair,
And pipe no lays because the heather's there :
Oh ! foolish birds, that have no joyous lay,
With hill and moor a garden-ground to-day !

¹ *Selections from the Verse of Augusta Webster.* London : Macmillan and Co. 1893.

Mrs. Webster has done wisely in placing among her selections, "The Manuscript of St. Alexius" and "Tu-pe-ya's Lute," which cannot fail to be favourites with all readers. "Tu-pe-ya's Lute" is a charming composition. Being a Chinese story, it is useful as giving a picture of a phase of the life of a people little known to many Englishmen. The versification is melodious, rising at times to great excellence. The songs that adorn the poem are very pleasing, for instance :

Waiting, waiting. 'Tis so far
To the day that is to come :
One by one the days that are
All to tell their countless sum ;
Each to dawn and each to die—
What so far as by and by ?

Waiting, waiting. 'Tis not ours,
This to-day that flies so fast ;
Let them go, the shadowy hours.
Floating, floated, into past.
Our day wears to-morrow's sky—
What so near as by and by ? (p. 116.)

The latter portion of the poem, in which the sorrows of Tu-pe-ya at the death of his friend, Tse-Ky, is described, is full of pathos and written in a truly dramatic vein.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THERE is much wisdom compressed into the essay read by Dr. Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, before the "World's Congress of Representative Youth," in Chicago, last July. The author entitles it, *Views of Education*,¹ but "education" is interpreted here in its very widest sense, and the paper is rather a collection of polished aphorisms on the mental development of the individual, than a discussion of the best way of imparting knowledge to a crowd of school children. Bishop Spalding's essay gives evidence, not only of mature judgment and cultivated taste, but also of wide reading.

It belongs to the Catholic Church, and to her alone, to readjust the relations between the employers and employed, between those who labour with mind and with their hands, between those who are born rich and those who are born poor. The Pope in his Encyclical on Labour lays down the principles by which these relations can be set right, and Mgr. Seton, in a sermon on the "Dignity of Labour,"² contributes a variety of interesting facts and thoughtful considerations in favour of the importance that attaches to labour, and the high esteem in which every kind of labour should be held by those whose King and Lord was for the greater part of His life a humble labourer in the cottage and workshop of Nazareth. Not that Mgr. Seton concedes anything to the "levelling tendencies of European Radicals and Socialists." His notion is to raise labour, not to decry every kind of privilege; to level up, not to level down, and in his American democracy he finds his ideal. "In our Republican country," he says, "the people have no crests save those of rude toil. Here there is

¹ *Views of Education*. By the Right Rev. J. Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. Notre Dame, Indiana: Office of the *Ave Maria*.

² *The Dignity of Labour*. By the Right Rev. Mgr. Seton, D.D. Notre Dame, Indiana: Office of the *Ave Maria*, 1893.

no aristocracy save that of heart and brain. Here all are equal before God and before the law. This is the brotherhood of man through Christian equality." (p. 13.)

The Life of the good priest, Adolf Kolping,¹ by Ellis Schreiber, is one of those biographies which are calculated to do perhaps even more good than the record of marvels and miracles in the lives of the saints. The foundation of Father Kolping's great work among the artisans of Germany was laid in his own sturdy piety, and in the confidence which they felt in one whom they knew to be in birth and education as one of themselves. With all his simplicity and humility he was a born leader of men, meeting organization with organization, and leaving no legitimate natural means untried to gain his supernatural ends. It is a Father Kolping we need to Christianize and keep together our working men in this great London of ours, and this admirably written memoir of his life cannot but be serviceable both to those who have to do the same work, and to those for whom they labour.

Those readers, and they are many, who find the matter and the manner of the late T. W. M. Marshall's *Christian Missions* to their taste, will enjoy a little brochure by Professor G. Melis on the methods and results of the Protestant propaganda in Italy.² It is the same old story, a most lavish expenditure of funds, glowing reports of successes transmitted to their subscribers at home, a plethora of ministers drawing what, to Italian eyes at least, seem princely salaries, "converts" enrolling themselves in half a dozen different sects in succession, and at the end of all, a miserable handful of pretended worshippers, most of them Swiss immigrants. Even on their own showing, we find that some of these bodies have been at work in Italy for thirty years past, with a staff of twenty or thirty preachers, and have averaged one, or at best two, converts per annum per minister. Others, equally on their own showing, support sixty or seventy stations, with an average congregation of eight to ten souls for each station. Whatever mischief infidelity may be working in Italy, Protestantism still seems to be quite a negligible quantity. The book is brightly written, and its information professes to be compiled from reliable sources.

¹ *Adolf Kolping: the Apostle of Working Men (1815-1865)*. By Ellis Schreiber. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Anatomia del Protestantismo in Italia*. Per Prof. G. Melis. Siena, 1893. Price, lire 1.50.

In the *Accessus ad Altare et Recessus*,¹ we have a number of prayers for the use of priests before and after Mass. There is a pleasant variety about the prayers included in this little collection which will recommend it to all those who desire to prepare themselves duly for the unspeakable privilege of offering the daily Sacrifice, and to make a good thanksgiving after it is offered. The present is the third edition, and we hope it will attain to many more.

The Nuns of the Visitation are bringing out a series of little books for the various months of the year, illustrated from the writings of St. Francis de Sales.² It gives a pious thought for every day of the month of the Holy Angels, with some suitable anecdote from the Life of the Saint. It is a most edifying and pious book, and we hope that it will promote the devotion of Catholics to their guardian angels and the whole heavenly host.

We are glad to find that some good has resulted from the cosmopolitan tours of Dr. Lunn and his literal co-religionists to various shrines, sanctuaries, and health resorts of Europe. One of them, who has printed her experiences under the title of *Scribblings from the Diary of a Protestant Pilgrim*,³ has made such good use of all that she heard and saw in Rome and other parts of Catholic Italy that she has, through God's grace, been safely landed in the Catholic Church. This gives additional interest to her notes by the way, which we recommend to all our readers.

The *Institut des Fêtes du Sacré-Cœur*⁴ is a publication appearing every three months, and having for its object to aid by historical research and learned essays the triumph of Christianity, and its reconstruction, or perhaps we should say, reorganization, under the banner of the Sacred Heart. The current number is of special interest to us, as it contains a large collection of instances in which England has, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, done honour to the Sacred Heart. Some of these instances are a little far-fetched, but they are encouraging to all who hope that they may live to see the conversion of a large section of the people of England.

¹ *Accessus ad Altare et Recessus, seu Preces ante et post celebrationem Missæ.* Freiburg: Herder.

² *New Month of the Holy Angels.* Translated from the French by a Sister of the Visitation, Baltimore. Benziger.

³ *Scribblings from the Diary of a Protestant Pilgrim.* Mountmellick: Morgan.

⁴ *Institut des Fêtes du Sacré-Cœur.* Commission-Centrale des Monuments Eucharistiques.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The movement for reform in the interior regulation and discipline of the Lyceums and Colleges which, of late years, has aimed at the complete remodelling of these institutions, is one to which no Catholic in France can be indifferent. Father Burnichon publishes, in the October number of the *Études*, under the form of a letter addressed to the author of a recent work on Education in the Universities, a careful scrutiny of the statements and suggestions it contains. Blame is attached to the present system, as looking to the teaching alone, not the training of the scholars, but the programme of an improved state of things is that of a purely liberal education. The name of God does not occur in it, and religious beliefs are only mentioned as being destructive of liberty. Father Gaillard, a missionary in China, contributes a paper on some singular instruments of cast-iron, in the form of an X, found in three different places within the precincts of a temple, or embedded amongst the ruins of a pagoda. The natives assert that these figures came down from heaven, and regard them with superstitious veneration. The origin of them is most obscure; by some they are believed to represent the cross of the Christian religion, but the opinion of the writer is adverse to this view. He considers them to be of Indo-Chinese origin, the emblem of the thunder-bolt which Buddha, like Jove, is imaged as holding in his hand, and hurling at his adversaries. On occasion of the centenary of the execution of Marie Antoinette (October 16), the *Études* gives some interesting details bearing on the melancholy event from hitherto unprinted letters. These letters reveal the disinterested devotion of an English lady to the royal captives. The active exertions she made, her unsparing sacrifices on behalf of the unhappy Queen, merit to be more widely known, and the writer of the article considers himself as discharging a debt of gratitude in bringing her deeds into prominence. A second article on the Madrid Exhibition emphasizes the fact that the glories of Spain in past times, her military exploits, her literary renown, her artistic triumphs, were in a great measure due to the profound religious sentiments which were the mainspring of her national life. He speaks of the numerous trophies which adorn the halls, and some rare and important documents which he inspected. In concluding he remarks that whereas the famous Paris Exhibition was all for material and industrial

interests, that of Madrid led the visitor into the higher regions of faith and idealism, and of art, as the handmaid of religion. Father Ragaru gives a picturesque account of one of his missionary excursions in Alaska, and of the manner of life and customs of the natives. They are sadly demoralized by contact with white men. The Russians, who about a century ago penetrated into the country, live amongst them in utter disregard of right and wrong; nor is the example set by the English traders much more edifying. The following number of the *Études* (November) enters on a review of the relations between France and Russia, past, present, and future. At the first glance the history of the past appears to be little else than a series of hostilities. Yet these two great Powers are not natural enemies. Far from it, their antagonism has been born of circumstances, not hereditary antipathy. Differing as they do in race, history, government, religion, France and Russia have still always felt sympathy and kinship; and it is to be hoped that the alliance between them will aid in maintaining the peace of Europe. The moral teaching of Kant has been asserted to be similar to the doctrines of Christianity, most strikingly because of the importance he attaches to the doctrine of intention. This point is thoroughly examined in the *Études*, and the difference clearly pointed out between the obligation of duty proposed by the philosopher, and the love of God which is the motive of Christian obedience. Another article comments on the power of the Press, and its widespread abuse in the present day, through the venality of newspapers and periodicals, which lend their pages to puff commercial undertakings, companies, hotels and shops, in order to deceive and entrap the public. A paper of considerable length, on Rhyme and Rhythm, corrects some erroneous ideas that have long prevailed in regard to the adaptation of verse to melody. The writer demonstrates how necessary it is that perfect harmony should exist between musical and poetic rhythm; also that rhythm really consists in accentuation, and that however difficult to the rhimester, it is easy to the true poet. Father Prat, with whose name we are familiar in connection with some well-written and accurate papers on student life in Oxford, now writes upon the religious movement in England, half a century ago, by which so many men of ability were brought into the Church. He concludes with a fervent wish for the conversion of England.

That the right of presentation to the Patriarchal Church of

Venice was possessed by the Venetian Republic during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is an historical fact. Equally certain it is that this privilege was granted by the Holy See, as a favour, and in virtue of its Apostolic authority. This fact is, however, contested by an Italian statesman, on the strength of a document recently discovered of an anterior date, from which he concludes that the patronage is an ancient right belonging of old to the Republic. This question is discussed at considerable length in the pages of the *Civiltà* (1041) and satisfactorily answered. The lesson to be learnt from the recent Bank scandals in Rome forms the subject of another article. It may be summarized in a few words: that the real enemies of Italy are not the clerical party, but those who call themselves patriots, and meanwhile corrupt the public morals and devour the public property.

In connection with the new provisions of the Martini Ministry in regard to Public Instruction, the *Civiltà* (1,042) remarks that the extreme instability of the arrangements of the Italian Government cannot fail to strike the historian of the period from the fall of Bonghi in 1876 until the present day. The new rules for the regulation of examinations, promulgated by royal decree in September last, are subjected to close and dispassionate scrutiny. Whether the Calybeans are the same as the Chaldeans, what country they inhabited, whether they were the people sometimes called Cyclops, famous in ancient times as artificers in metal, and as such identical with the Hittites or Pelasgians, who surpassed all the other nations of antiquity in the workmanship of iron, are questions duly discussed in the *Civiltà* from an ethnological and philological standpoint. The visitor to the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago is impressed, on inspecting the machinery hall, by the fact that the wonderful inventions of the day encourage the ingenuity of the inventor, but render the workman a mere part of the machine he sets in motion. He is well satisfied with the educational exhibits, and rejoices that religion is not ignored in the gigantic World's Fair. The Archæological Notes give the text of a bronze tablet discovered some years ago in Italy, relating to the management of the gladiatorial games. The most noteworthy features of the inscription are pointed out and commented on.

